THE YELLOW JACKET

GEORGE C. HAZELTON
AND
BENRIMO

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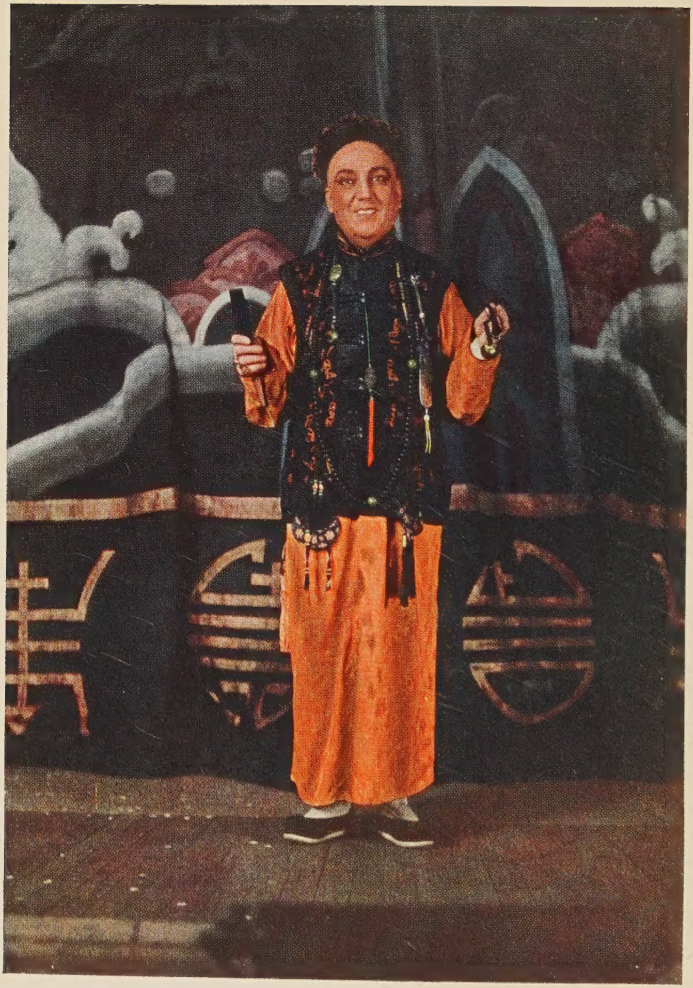

THE YELLOW JACKET

A Chinese Play Done in a Chinese Manner

IN THREE ACTS

By

GEORGE C. HAZELTON AND BENRIMO

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ARNOLD GENTHE

Every man must look into the Garden of his soul alone.—Act III

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1913

INDIANAPOLIS
THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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FOREWORD

The purpose of the creators of this play is to string on a thread of universal philosophy, love and laughter the jade beads of Chinese theatrical convention. Their effort has been to reflect the spirit rather than the substance. To do this, the property man had to be overwrought; the Chorus had to be introduced. Signs usually indicate the scenes on the Oriental stage; the Chorus voices them for us.

While the story of THE YELLOW JACKET is not taken from any direct source, it is hoped that it may convey an imaginative suggestion of all sources and reflect the childhood of drama.

It might be said in a Chinese way that scenery is as big as your imagination.

Primitive people the world over begin to build their drama like the make-believe of children, and the closer they remain to the make-believe of children the more significant and convincing is the growth of their drama.

THE AUTHORS.

TO THE POETS

To these you have restored their heritage:
To humor—loveliness; to undefiled
Passion—its splendor; to our native stage
Enchantment and the rapture of a child.

PERCY MACKAYE.

INTRODUCTION

It is with pleasure that I accept the invitation of the authors of THE YELLOW JACKET to say a few words by way of prologue to their play. In more than forty years of play-going, I have seen few performances as interesting as that to which they invited me. And the interest of this performance is twofold. It is due, first of all, to the charm of the Oriental tale they have transplanted to our Occidental stage and to the delicate art with which they have brought before us the manners and customs of a race strangely unlike ourselves. Secondly, the play is presented, not in accord with the methods familiar nowadays in our own theaters, but in accord with the methods characteristic of the Chinese theater and therefore unfamiliar to us.

The story of the play is often beautiful in its several episodes, now poetic, now pathetic and again fantastic. It sets before us the everlasting appeal of maternal self-sacrifice; and it presents the always-sympathetic figure of the rightful heir recovering his place by his own powers. It is a story as old as the hills and as young as the spring-time; and in THE YELLOW JACKET it is interpreted with imagination and embroidered with fancy.

Interesting as the tale may be in itself, it is made more interesting by the manner of its presentation. The Chinese story is set in action in the Chinese fashion, a fashion very unlike that which now obtains on the English-speaking stage—although not altogether unlike that which prevailed in the playhouses of our island ancestors in the spacious days of Elizabeth. It has been pointed out by more than

one critic—and by none more pertinently than the late Francisque Sarcey—that the drama, like every other art, can exist only by departing from the actual facts of life. The painter and the sculptor represent nature as motionless, though the waves are not still for a moment and the men and women are never immobile. The artists must depart from the fact, because this departure is a condition precedent to their several arts. If we are not willing to permit this violation of nature, if we refuse to make this bargain, we deny ourselves the pleasure which the painter and the sculptor can give us. This is the necessary convention on which their arts repose and without which their arts can not come into being.

The drama has its necessary conventions, its departures from the actual fact, its violations of nature; and the spectators permit this because they would otherwise deprive themselves of the pleasure which only the theater can give. In a play every character must have a compact utterance, saying many things in few words. Every actor must raise his voice so that he may be heard by a thousand auditors, even though he is supposed to be whispering. Every interior scene must be deprived of one wall, so that the spectators can look into the room where the action is supposed to be taking place. Such elementary conventions as these—implied contracts between the play-goers and the play-presenters—are absolutely necessary, now and always, for without them the drama could not exist.

But by the side of these permanent and essential conventions, imperative in all times and in all places,

we find at different times and in different places, other conventions not really necessary, temporary only and peculiar to some one time and to some one place. In the Greek theater the actors wore towering masks; and in the French theaters long ago the heroes of antiquity decked themselves with the full-bottomed wigs of Louis XIV. These violations of nature would seem absurd to us nowadays because they are unfamiliar; but in themselves they are not more absurd than certain of the unnecessary conventions of our contemporary stage which we accept unthinkingly because we are familiar with them.

The Chinese theater, in its turn, has its own conventions and traditions, acceptable to the Oriental because he is so accustomed to them that they seem to him "natural". But some of these departures from fact appear very strange, not because they are violations of nature, but because they are wholly unlike the departures from fact which we accept because we are accustomed to them. Very wisely have the authors of The Yellow Jacket set their story on the stage according to the conventions and traditions of the theater where its several episodes were originally exhibited. They give us a Chinese drama, dealing with Chinese motives, and presented in the Chinese manner. With a firm reliance on our appreciation of the exotic, they invite us to smile at conventions which seem to us ludicrous in the extreme—and then, a moment later, they summon us to use our imagination to curb our laughter, and to let ourselves be taken captive by the sad plight of the human beings who people their play. Their

drama derives its double charm from the tact and the taste with which they have wooed us to enjoy an exotic theme frankly put before us in an exotic fashion.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Columbia University, in the City of New York.

CHARACTERS

Property Man.
Chorus.
Wu Sin Yin (Great Sound Language), Governor of the Province.
Due Jung Fah (Fuchsia Flower), second wife of Wu Sin Yin.
Tso (Fancy Beauty), maid to Due Jung Fah.
Chee Moo (Kind Mother), first wife of Wu Sin Yin.
Tai Fah Min (Great Painted Face), father of Due Jung Fah.
Assistant Property Men.
Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), wife of Lee Sin and maid of the first wife, Chee Moo.
Lee Sin (First Farmer).
Ling Won (Spirit).
Wu Fah Din (Daffodil).
Yin Suey Gong (Purveyor of Hearts).
Wu Hoo Git (Young Hero of the Wu Family), destined for the Yellow Jacket.
See Quoe Fah (Four-Season Flower).
Mow Dan Fah (Peony).
Yong Soo Kow (Hydrangea).
Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud).
Moy Fah Loy (Plum Blossom), daughter of Tai Char Shoong.
See Noi (Nurse), in charge of Plum Blossom.
Tai Char Shoong (Purveyor of Tea to the Emperor).
The Widow Ching.
Maid.
Git Hok Gar (Philosopher and Scholar).
Kom Loi (Spider).
Loy Gong (God of Thunder).

FULTON THEATRE

46th Street, Just West of Broadway.
HENRY B. HARRIS, - - - Sole Lessee and Manager

BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, NOVEMBER 4, 1912.
Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
EXTRA MATINEE ELECTION DAY.

HARRIS & SELWYN, Inc., Offers

THE YELLOW JACKET

A Chinese Play, Presented in the Chinese Manner, in Three Parts.

By George C. Hazelton and Benrimo.

Music by William Furst.

Cast of Characters.
(In the order of their appearance)

Property Man ..... Arthur Shaw
Chorus ..... Signor Perugini
Wu Sin Yin (Great Sound Language) Governor of the Province, George Relph
Due Jung Fah (Fuchsia Flower) second wife of Wu Sin Yin, Grace Valentine
Tso (Fancy Beauty) maid to Due Jung Fah ..... Antoinette Walker
Chee Moo (Kind Mother) first wife of Wu Sin Yin....Saxone Moreland
Tai Fah Min (Great Painted Face) father of Due Jung Fah, second wife..... Reginald Barlow
Assistant Property Men..... Lyman Tobin, Thomas Jackson, Chamberlain Brown, E. Colebrook
Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower) wife of Lee Sin and maid of the first wife, Chee Moo.....Grace A. Barbour
Lee Sin (First Farmer).....J. Arthur Young
Ling Won (Spirit) ..... Mark Price
Wu Fah Din (Daffodil) ..... Schuyler Ladd
Yin Suey Gong (Purveyor of Hearts) ..... Reginald Barlow
Wu Hoo Git (Young Hero of the Wu Family) destined for the Yellow Jacket ..... George Relph
See Quoe Fah (Four Season Flower) ..... Betty Brewster
Mow Dan Fah (Peony) ..... Grace Valentine
Yong Soo Kow (Hydrangea) ..... Grace Halleck
Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud) ..... Antoinette Walker
Moy Fah Loy (Plum Blossom) Daughter of Tai Char Shoong, Juliette Day
See Noi (Nurse) in charge of Plum Blossom .... Fanny Addison Pitt
Tai Char Shoong (Purveyor of Tea to the Emperor).....Roy Gordon
The Widow Ching ..... Margaret Calvert
Maid ..... Betty Brewster
Git Hok Gar (Philosopher and Scholar).....Mark Price
Kom Loi (Spider) ..... Walter F. Scott
Loy Gong (God of Thunder).....J. Arthur Young

The Scene Represents the Stage of a Chinese Theatre,
Modeled After the Old Jackson Street Theatre, San Francisco.

PART I.—The Mother's Parting.
PART II.—The Story of Love.
PART III.—The Conflict.

Scenery painted by H. Robert Law. Scenery and properties built by the Hudson Construction Company. Draperies and hangings by The Louis XIV. Shop, New York. Costumes imported. Wigs by William Broich.

Produced Under the Direction of Benrimo.

THE YELLOW JACKET

THE YELLOW JACKET

ACT I

At the rise of the theater curtain blue silk draperies are disclosed, embroidered with gold dragons, forming a tableau curtain. These draperies are arranged to part in the center. When drawn, they hang in graceful folds on each side of the stage. The property man enters indifferently from the opening at center of curtain, strikes thrice on a gong and exits. The Chorus then enters, bows right, left and center. His costume is that of a rich Chinese scholar, the dominant note being red. His manner is most dignified. His actions are ceremonious.

CHORUS

Most honorable neighbors, the bows, which I so humbly and solemnly divest myself of, are given in reverence to the three powers—Heaven —Earth—Man. I have been appointed by my humble brothers of the Pear Tree Garden to conduct you through a story of our celestial land to be played upon our most unworthy stage. Permit me to thank that vice of curiosity which beck-

oned you hither that we might paint before your august eyes our humble fancy. I bow.

Bows three times.

Let me intrude a slight history of our most unworthy theater and the reason that we refer to our players as brothers of the Pear Tree Garden. A most curious tale—our beginning! It had its birth in the dynasty of the most wholesome one, the great Ming Wang. In reverence for so glorious a beginning we have kept our stage ever the same. For this antiquity, august and honorable, we ask indulgence. The good and honored Ming Wang, Son of Heaven and of glorious memory, was visited by an enchanted dream—full of strange beauty. In sleep he rambled over the moon. When the morning lifted his eyelids he wished his wife to behold the dream-painted beauties which had joyed his sleep. The Court, at his command, clothed in the glory of his dream, played the story of his moon-colored fancy beneath the pear trees of his summer palace-yard for her he loved. While I fill up time with many words, my brothers are burning costly incense before the God of the Theater who, they hope, will bountifully answer their prayer and make them worthy to win your approval. Much of our act-

ing will be strange. Our play deals with mother's love, the love of youth, and the hate of men, which makes them do unhappy things. Spirits of those who once walked flowery or pestilent paths in this world will reach out their hands to sufferers in our history. We hope out of our imperfect efforts there may come to you some pleasure. I fear I have intruded too long upon your welcome and that you are in haste for my brothers to begin. They, too, are impatient, for the perfume of their sacrifice even now floats upon the august air.

Men will speak fair words with blackened minds. That you may not be carried away by their wiles, we have enmasked them with paint—red, white and black—that you may know them; but they will never know that you know that their souls are mirrored in their faces, for men look many times to see themselves, as they are pleased to see themselves. It is mostly so with villains. As prompter for my brothers, I will be ever before you to help you to an understanding of our doings. For so much kind patience as you have shown, I give you thanks and shall tell my brothers.

Bows three times.

Observe well with your eyes and listen well with your ears. Be as one family, exceedingly happy and content. Heaven has no mouth. It makes men speak for it.

Bells.

The gusts of Heaven breathe on the bells and they tinkle with joy on the eaves of the pagoda.

Ere departing my footsteps hence, let me impress upon you that my property man is to your eyes intensely invisible.

Property man now comes before curtain again. Strikes gong and exits.

I bow.

Claps his hands three times; curtains part, revealing a set in dull orange with green and gold trimmings. There are two doors, one stage left for entrance and one stage right for exit. In the center at the back is an oval opening surrounded by a grill, within which the musicians sit. Above this opening is another, square in form, which represents Heaven. About the walls of the scene are Chinese banners and signs of good cheer. Huge lanterns hang from above. At the left is a large property box, and above it are chairs, tables, cushions, etc., in fact all properties used in the play. Chorus takes his seat up center. Music.

CHORUS

'Tis the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, a most unhappy man, for he possesses two wives. He comes, Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

The gong sounds and the cymbals crash; the curtain on door left is pulled aside. Enter Wu Sin Yin. He comes down stage, then walks to right, then to center, turns twice round, and seats himself. The property man assists him to arrange his costume, then smokes complacently. Wu Sin Yin gazes solemnly before him; his whole action on entrance is consciously done to display his costume; when seated he spreads his legs and turns out his toes, displays his fingernails on his left hand, two of which are very long, one being gilded and the other colored green; he fans himself; during this business the orchestra plays, the cymbals crash, the drum rolls and the wooden block is struck. The cymbals are struck also, when he mentions the name of the Emperor.

WU SIN YIN

I am the most important personage in this play. Therefore, I address you first. By your gracious leave, with many apologies, I will state in all modesty, for your edification only, for of course I know who I am and how great and august I am,

while you are not so favored, that I am Wu Sin Yin, the Great. I have the third eye of wisdom here. I shape the destiny with my finger-tips of the people on the Yangtsekiang.

Sits in great state fanned by attendant.

I would bow to you, but it is beneath my dignity. My wives kotow to me in abject slavery, which is as it should be with wives. This is my sun-kissed palace on the purple hill. Here by seal and by the red pencil on a yellow silken banner, I hold my court and issue my edicts. Here the abject subjects of my province crawl to bring me the harvest of their labors, for it is decreed by the Son of Heaven, our Celestial Emperor, of the Eighth Dynasty,

Rises and bows three times.

that they bring me the fruits of their slavish menial toil. With all this felicity of personal importance, I am still augustly unhappy, for I possess two wives—a first wife and a second wife. Chee Moo, the first wife, has a child crab-like and spider-formed. It was her mistake, not mine. I have a right divine to like or dislike my wives at pleasure. Happiness is necessary to a great governor in order that his menials may be happy by

reflection, as I am in the presence of my second wife, Due Jung Fah, who shines in the light of my favor. I must, in august sympathy for my situation, delicately dispose of the first wife and crooked child—very delicately—for Chee Moo's family is powerful; and, if I beheaded her uncouthly, they might be annoyed. I must contrive a secret and respectful and courteous departure for her honorable soul. Then I may pass my hours in celestial bliss with Due Jung Fah, my beautiful second one. How shall I accomplish it? I am admonished of the approach of my honored second father-in-law, Tai Fah Min, who is wisely virtuous and will advise me.

On exit curtain at right door is lifted and the orchestra plays until the curtain falls. The property man removes the chair and places it left among other properties.

CHORUS

'Tis the garden of Due Jung Fah, the second wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

Enter Due Jung Fah followed by her maid, Tso, door left. Both hold their fans before their faces and walk with mincing steps to center, during music. Due Jung Fah keeps always a little in advance of Tso.

DUE JUNG FAH

Gentle listeners, here in my garden, with ceremonial bow, I tell you, I am Due Jung Fah, most unhappy of ladies. I am the second wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great. There would be music in my heart if it were not for the first wife. The butterflies and bees and the humming-birds do not come to my garden. They fly to make hers beautiful.

To Tso.

Interrupt me not. The gold-fish die in my lily ponds and swim sun-kissed in Chee Moo's across the wall. Where she walks with her monkey-faced child, the hyacinths bloom, the purple wistaria and the white jasmine fill the air with fragrance for her painted nostrils. I breathe and breathe, and the air is heavy with death of flowers. Oh, oh, even the lanterns in her evening walk brighten her path, while mine fade and I stumble.

Stops Tso, who would speak.

Tell me not. I marvel that any one should do her homage. My mind is crowded with thoughts of her cripple monster-child, for my soul has not

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given forth a child-seed. The air is filled with the approach of some one. Let us depart.

As Due Jung Fah exits door right, music.

Tso

Returns to center.

No one comes. The opportunity was not permitted me to tell you truly that I am Tso, the maid of Due Jung Fah. When I met you my mistress wanted to unburden her august soul to you. Though I was filled with sky words, I am too adroit to talk when she wishes to. I am the dust in the sunbeam. I am one of the darkest shadows of our play. It is the modest little maid whose manner is filled with sunlight that throws the prettiest little shadows of the dark. Innocence makes the best play-shadow. The night shadow has no danger, for you see it as you pass. Sweet little flitting shadows like mine trip you in your path. I threw a tiny rainbow shadow across Due Jung Fah's eyes which looked like the first wife in her richest jewels and prettiest gown; and then a big thunder-cloud shadow across the eyes of Wu Sin Yin, and the cloud took on the image of his twisted child. If Chee Moo is gently disposed of, Due Jung Fah becomes the first wife and I be-

come the first maid. The first maid, Suey Sin Fah, faints at the incense of some flowers. Lee Sin, her husband, deserves a wife more brave. Why not a gentle little shadow?

Exits. Music.

CHORUS

'Tis a road leading to the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great. He comes, Tai Fah Min! mounted on his milk-white steed!

Loud crash of cymbals: curtain on door left is lifted and Tai Fah Min enters followed by two men; he carries a whip and does pantomime of riding and driving a horse; one of the men who follow him carries a banner inscribed with Chinese characters; this banner is red; the other carries a large fan on a stick; he comes down to left, then crosses right, then to center; goes through business of dismounting his horse, throwing his leg high in the air; the property man assists him and helps his man hold his supposed horse; he lays his whip on the ground behind him; during all this, music.

The supernumeraries retire up stage with supposed horse. Tai Fah Min pivots on one foot, takes out his fan, which is carried at the back of his neck, and bows three times to the audience. Gongs.

TAI FAH MIN

My horse! Remove him! He must not hear the secret thoughts of his master. Tai Fah Min is my name. I come from the Southland, where the sun kisses the hilltops. I rule a province there as rich as the one of him I come to visit. I bow to you,

Bows three times.

risking my dignity in doing so. A father's love hastens me hither, for I am the parent of the most wretched of ladies, the second wife of the celestial governor of this province, Wu Sin Yin, the Great. Chee Moo, the first wife, and her monster-born child stand between my beautiful daughter, Due Jung Fah, and her husband. No one will envy her dead. Whatever pathway a father finds to give happiness to a daughter is not offensive to the gods. This province is too crowded with august wives, and the honorable Chee Moo, the first wife, and her dragon-eyed child, should be generous to others who need the celestial air they breathe. Due Jung Fah, my daughter, will then be all and I will be all. This is the road to the palace.

To attendants.

Bring back my sublime horse! Attend me on foot.

Property man brings forward the supposed horse and he goes through the pantomime of mounting; they assist him, property man picks up whip and hands it to him; he beats the supposed horse. Exit Tai Fah Min and attendants; door right.

The property man now places a table center, which he carries from left, places a red cover on it; then two chairs on either side, which he also covers with a red cloth, and puts a small stool on each.

CHORUS

'Tis a room in the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

Enter door left, Wu Sin Yin. Attended by a man with a fan, he seats himself in chair right of table; his dress is arranged as before by property man, etc.; during this, music. Enter attendant with Tai Fah Min's card and kneels. After Wu Sin Yin is seated, enter Tai Fah Min, attended by a man with a fan. Wu Sin Yin rises, pivots on right foot once, then clasps his hands, opens his fan, which he takes from back of neck, and seats himself. Tai Fah Min does the same business and seats himself left of table.

WU SIN YIN

Tai Fah Min, my exalted second father-in-law, I receive you into my palace and presence with exuberance of fancy. My beloved second father-in-law may assume that Wu Sin Yin, the Great, has bowed to him with filial obeisance.

TAI FAH MIN

And my celestial son-in-law may felicitate himself with the glorious fancy that his second father-in-law also has bowed. The palace of the great Wu Sin Yin breathes incense of happiness. The gods smiled and it rose like a flower from the earth for the habitation of our master. The teak-wood was carved by moon-rays dancing on its surface, the rugs were woven by humming-bird beaks as they played hide-and-seek with their love-mates among the silken threads on the loom. The gods—

WU SIN YIN

Ah, Tai Fah Min, my Tai Fah Min, you exaggerate the magnificence of my palace by compliments of great length. It is most humble. The beauties of my mind are enmeshed by the threads of evil woven there by the spider's art, else why

should I, Wu Sin Yin, the Great, be the most unhappy of men?

Property man here comes forward with tray on which are two cups; he places them on the table.

TAI FAH MIN

The most radiantly happy!

WU SIN YIN

Ah, if your daughter were only my first wife —*not* my second, my Tai Fah Min.

TAI FAH MIN

My daughter dare not look so high. She has not yet reached that great state—motherhood.

WU SIN YIN

I must have advice that brings unclouded to my arms and lips, the rosy lotus lips and arms of Due Jung Fah. Advise me my way, Tai Fah Min.

TAI FAH MIN

My brain speaks, but my heart stands still.

WU SIN YIN

Who could guide me better than my second

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Wu Sin Yin, Tai Fah Min and the Property Man.

father-in-law, who has such interest in my affairs?

TAI FAH MIN

Anxiously:

I speak. The first wife, Chee Moo, stands in the hate of your subjects, because the child she bore was cramped, crab-like, monstrous and unwise in its likenesses of evil. The devils damned it at its birth with—the monstrosities of the—

WU SIN YIN

Interrupting:

Mother's soul. Forget not that.

TAI FAH MIN

That will save us with your subjects. If it had inherited the noble godlike spirit of the father, Wu Sin Yin, the common hordes would have demanded it for the next ruler. They dare to loathe the fruits of your body. Your scholars would advise as I do, Wu Sin Yin.

WU SIN YIN

And that is—

TAI FAH MIN

Hush! Let us pass into another room where none may listen.

They walk three times about the stage and stop each in the other's place. Property man changes chairs. Music.

We are safer here in this isolated spot. This palatial room is more fragrant than that we have passed from.

WU SIN YIN

Use up no more air in compliment.

TAI FAH MIN

We must whisper. No matter how safe you hide the egg the chicken will hatch. A sweet passing heavenward for the first mother and the child.

WU SIN YIN

Gleefully:

And Due Jung Fah will come to me with no shadows between us. But my conscience constrains me.

TAI FAH MIN

Soothingly:

Think on the gorgeous munificence of her funeral! To die the wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, is like breathing zephyrs of the South as against living in a typhoon. Think how proud her fam-

ily should be of the ceremonies as we lay the first wife with her ancestors! Her death will be most glorious.

WU SIN YIN

Can we make her family believe it?

TAI FAH MIN

It would be deplorably bad taste if her family did not appreciate the magnificence of the funeral that your dignity will afford her.

WU SIN YIN

A blind cat catches only a dead rat. Have I among my servants one in dignity becoming to do the deed, for we could not leave it to the public executioner?

TAI FAH MIN

Lee Sin, the farmer,—worthy, god-favored and properly menial.

WU SIN YIN

Thoughtfully:

This farmer is strong.

TAI FAH MIN

He will gently plough a furrow with his sword

in Chee Moo's neck, and the gods will smile upon such husbandry.

WU SIN YIN

Send for him!

Enter Tso door left, with short strain of music.

TSO

Most august and greatest of men, representative of the Son of Heaven: I kneel, bow and ask that my mistress, Due Jung Fah, your devoted second wife, may speak with her august lord and husband.

WU SIN YIN

Condescendingly:

My wife may speak to her husband-master.

Exit Tso, after bowing to both men.

TAI FAH MIN

See how humbly my daughter approaches you.

Enter Due Jung Fah, followed by Tso; kneels and bows to Wu Sin Yin; music.

DUE JUNG FAH

Most wonderful and only husband in the world,

of whom even as the second wife, I, Due Jung Fah, am most unworthy.

Bows.

WU SIN YIN

Luscious one, I greet you. Rise and greet your worthy and far-seeing father, Tai Fah Min!

DUE JUNG FAH

I could not bow to my ancestors' tablets, much less to my noble father, before I had bowed my head in the dust three times to my gracious husband.

Due Jung Fah here kneels and bows to Tai Fah Min. All rise and bow.

TAI FAH MIN

My daughter has the modesty that Confucius praises. Her voice is low and gentle. Gracious and celestial one, pardon the emotions of the greetings of a father in your presence.

WU SIN YIN

How would you fancy, my Due Jung Fah, as first wife, to languish unclouded in the lavish smiles of Wu Sin Yin, the Great?

DUE JUNG FAH

But Chee Moo, my sister, the glorious first wife, lives.

Pretending to be startled, looking from one to the other.

Not dead! I should faint of grief.

TAI FAH MIN

Aside to her:

Remember it is your duty to fill your husband's eyes with happiness and obedience, that wifehood in you may be glorious to the end that such a child as Chee Moo bore shall not live to rule in the Flowery Kingdom. Wu Sin Yin and your father ask it.

DUE JUNG FAH

I love the province of the august Wu Sin Yin. Who does the deed?

TAI FAH MIN

Lee Sin, the farmer.

DUE JUNG FAH

I am resigned, if it can not be done more gently with the dream-giving opiates.

WU SIN YIN

I had the flowers about her filled with the softest poison perfume that she might breathe their august exhalations and pass gently to the honorable and desirable land of dreams. I went as the morning broke to weep over her departed soul, but it was she who was in tears over the honorable departure of the bees and butterflies and humming-birds who for love of their mistress had sucked the poison honey of the flowers and laid themselves to rest for her they loved. Their selfishness in robbing their mistress of her eternal sleep was inexcusable.

DUE JUNG FAH

I will retire and pray seven days at the tablets of my ancestors for the soul of Chee Moo and her child.

WU SIN YIN

Your prayers shall cover but the space of one day.

DUE JUNG FAH

Wu Sin Yin, the Great! I dwell in the unhappiness of my sister-wife. Fan me!

Exit Due Jung Fah door right, after bowing three times, followed by Tso. Music.

WU SIN YIN

Send for the executioner! I shake hands with myself, Tai Fah Min, and leave you.

Wu Sin Yin clasps his hands, bows, opens his fan and exits door right, followed by Tai Fah Min; cymbal and gong. Property man now removes chairs and table.

CHORUS

'Tis the garden of Chee Moo, the unhappy first wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

Enter Chee Moo door left, with child, which is represented by a stick with pieces of cloth wrapped around it and hanging down. Comes down and crosses right. During following speech soft wails from orchestra.

CHEE MOO

Oh, woe is me! Murder is in the air. The evil spirits build walls about me whichever way I go. Now you know that I am Chee Moo and this the child, Wu Hoo Git. The devils put toads in our path to croak and awake him that he might cry out and reveal us; bats in the air follow us by night and hang their great withered wings from the rafters of Heaven, like a dead forest, to im-

pede us by day. My boy, my pretty boy! whom evil plotters call cripple and monster-formed but who, as you see, is celestially beautiful. Let your baby dreams be a silent prayer to your ancestors for help. I will cry out to them from a mother's heart for your protection. We will fly to the mountains, the place of the issuing clouds, where your mother will weave fabrics of silk to cradle you in and care for you until your baby arm can wield a sword to confound your enemies. The lantern of my love hangs in the temple of my mind, and I pray you, my ancestors, let no unkind wind spirit or water sprite quench the flame of my child-love.

Exits door right.

CHORUS

'Tis a courtyard in the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

Music. Enter Lee Sin. Comes down left, crosses right and bows.

LEE SIN

I am Lee Sin, the child of the rice fields. The chop-sticks of the poor and the chop-sticks of the rich await my harvest. I feed them as the golden pheasant feeds its young. Where I labor the god

of the soil smiles on my ox and me, for we are sacred.

Bows; prostrates himself before Tai Fah Min, who enters door left; loud crash on cymbals and gong.

TAI FAH MIN

Rise, Lee Sin, I would speak.

LEE SIN

Father of the second wife, I bring you greetings.

TAI FAH MIN

Son of the soil, I realize the dignity of your greetings.

LEE SIN

Wu Sin Yin bade me come. I left my ox to feed and dusted my feet and came.

TAI FAH MIN

You labor too hard. I would help you.

LEE SIN

If you took me from my labor you would rob me of the joy of living—which is my all.

TAI FAH MIN

Would you add to the gold in your purse, Lee Sin?

LEE SIN

An avaricious man is like a snake trying to swallow an elephant. I have enough—and that is all I need.

TAI FAH MIN

You have a wife who may think more wisely, Lee Sin.

LEE SIN

Suey Sin Fah is my wife, and maid to the beautiful Chee Moo, first wife of Wu Sin Yin, the Great. She, too, is happy and content, for she is good.

TAI FAH MIN

What do you love best in all the world, Lee Sin?

LEE SIN

My parents and my wife, the little Suey Sin Fah.

TAI FAH MIN

And have you no love for your master, Wu Sin Yin, the Great?

LEE SIN

I bow in the dust three times to him. He stands in the place for me of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven.

Gongs, both bowing.

TAI FAH MIN

You would not refuse then to do his bidding?

LEE SIN

To refuse would mean my death, and that I would give him for the asking.

TAI FAH MIN

And if he asks you to kill for him?

LEE SIN

He would not ask it.

TAI FAH MIN

Hands him death order, represented by tiger's head on a scroll.

It is the command of the Son of Heaven.

Gongs and both bow.

LEE SIN

The tiger's head! What criminal name is penciled on the gaping mouth? My eyes are like swords danced upon by evil spirits. I can not see. Chee Moo, my wife's dearest mistress, and the child! I can not kill them. I will go to my ancestors first.

Drops scroll.

TAI FAH MIN

Then Suey Sin Fah will go with you.

LEE SIN

Why does not the public executioner wreak his master's impatience on the head of Chee Moo? He is skilled in killing first wives.

TAI FAH MIN

It must be a quiet and merciful affair, otherwise it might become a scandal. Her family should congratulate her on the release of her suffering soul, for those beheaded or strangled are free from suffering, but wives' families are strangely inconsiderate.

LEE SIN

He that rids his house of an evil had better suffer the evil than tell the world.

TAI FAH MIN

I am going to Wu Sin Yin to drink delicious tea. Bring us the head of Chee Moo.

Exit Tai Fah Min door right, fanning himself. Screeching sound played on instruments.

LEE SIN

The tiger's head!

Picks up scroll.

Ancestors, save me. An hour ago my ox and I were happy. The soft breeze on the rice fields brought us the music of Heaven. An instant, and the typhoon comes with a word, and the land is bleak, and death hovers where the sun-rays played. This is the evil moon wrought by man's mischief. He is not content and will not suffer his poorest neighbors to be content. The tiger's head! I must do the murder to save my wife, little Suey Sin Fah.

Enter Suey Sin Fah, door left. Music. Comes down left, bows three times.

SUEY SIN FAH

May I be permitted to tell this august worthy audience—to whom I bow, for it is my business

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THE FARMER.

to be humble,—being both a maid and a wife,—for I am the maid of the august gracious Chee Moo, the first wife, and the wife of the god-loved farmer, Lee Sin.

LEE SIN

Back to her.

And like to be the widow of that same Lee Sin, for the evil spirits encircle him.

SUEY SIN FAH

I pray my ancestors that I may not be maid and widow at one time. Your eyes roll. What demon spirits clutch your heart, my husband, Lee Sin? The veins in your forehead burst, your hands twitch with the wrenchings of the evil one.

Violent beating on gong and crash of cymbals.

LEE SIN

Shows her scroll.

The tiger's head with a name upon its tongue.

SUEY SIN FAH

Not yours, Lee Sin, my love, not yours!

LEE SIN

Chee Moo! I must be her executioner.

SUEY SIN FAH

Chee Moo, my august mistress in the tiger's mouth! Let us die together and save Chee Moo and the boy, who are even now enchained prisoners within the walls of her flowery garden at the displeasure of her unkind husband.

LEE SIN

I can not. The tiger! The mother dies by the sword; the child deserted in the wolf land.

SUEY SIN FAH

Is this the husband of my breast, is this distorted demon the one to whom I gave a wife-heart?

LEE SIN

I bow to the gods to tear all tender feelings from me that I may work myself into an unkindness to do Chee Moo's murder.

SUEY SIN FAH

I love the august Chee Moo and her beautiful child. She is suffering from the machinations of Due Jung Fah, who is the human spider in the world-box. We must save Chee Moo.

LEE SIN

If I obey not the mandate of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, your life and mine will answer for it.

SUEY SIN FAH

Death with our ancestors will be just as sweet in our love. The good of the people demands that Chee Moo live to raise her boy.

LEE SIN

But if I fail, Chee Moo will die the same by the hand of another found to do the work, as others will come to plough the rice fields when I and my ox are dead. Where is the honorable Chee Moo?

SUEY SIN FAH

Praying in her prison to the great-eyed god for the soul of her boy, Wu Hoo Git.

LEE SIN

What am I to do?

SUEY SIN FAH

Kill little Tso, and pass her off for the august Chee Moo.

LEE SIN

Suspiciously:

You are jealous of little Tso.

SUEY SIN FAH

Tso is a fox and makes mischief for us all. She dreams black plots at night and whispers them in the willing ears of Due Jung Fah. The gods smile when a bad being is killed, for it is so rare. The good do the dying. That makes them good.

LEE SIN

But Tso does not look like Chee Moo. We should fail.

SUEY SIN FAH

Business.

The sword that takes this from this—can slash this out of semblance.

Business taking pin from her hair.

Pin this in her hair. I took it from my mistress' head-dress. Where are you going?

LEE SIN

After my august sword.

Exeunt Lee Sin and Suey Sin Fah, door right. Enter door left, Tso. Music.

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THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

Tso

A moonbeam fell where the murder was contrived. I know all, for I listened. I was behind it and heard Wu Sin Yin and Tai Fah Min plan it all. There must be moonbeams somewhere when great passions are working. If it had been a sunbeam there never could have been a murder.

Lee Sin enters, takes sword from property man. Tso does not see him at first. He stands and looks at her. She finally sees him and begins to flirt.

I knew you were here, Lee Sin.

Lee Sin

How could you know?

Tso

A butterfly lit on my heart and said, "Beware—there is a heart-thief here."

Lee Sin

The butterfly lied. I am married.

Tso

That is the whole trouble in the honorable august world. All the fascinating men are married.

LEE SIN

Work not your wiles on me, for I am rough, honest and not fascinating.

TSO

It is the honest husband that falls first, for he is foolish, and doesn't know or doesn't mean to, or doesn't know that he wants to mean to. I pray my ancestors *not* to give me too honest a husband.

LEE SIN

Aside, as he crosses to right:

She is the evil thing. Her fox soul should be released. I must do it.

TSO

You will find the honorable Chee Moo and her august monster-child yonder. The light from the jewel in the forehead of her god-image will fall upon the mortal spot and lead the sword.

LEE SIN

How knew you of my purpose?

TSO

A tortoise by the pool told me. He was so

slow he overheard the plot in passing. Is your honorable sword very sharp?

LEE SIN

As sharp as the east wind.

TSO

Will you hack her one blow?

LEE SIN

No more.

TSO

How long will it take?

LEE SIN

The time it takes a lark to swallow a grasshopper.

Tso shows glee.

TSO

Where will the sword cut?

He walks up stage and shows her at neck. She shudders.

Will it be very hard on your hands?

LEE SIN

It will be.

TSO

When will you do the deed?

LEE SIN

Now.

Business. Lee Sin strikes at her neck with sword. Property man comes forward and holds a red flag before her face.

I am blind with august blood. Where is the head?

Property man throws a red sack on the stage. Tso exits door right. Lee Sin picks up red sack and talks to it.

The remnant of a soul that lived! I will clip the ears. I will chop off the honorable nose. I will slit the precious eyes—that drooped to my humble eyes once. Without eyes, ears, lips and nose, you, as the first wife, Chee Moo, are as good as any.

SUEY SIN FAH

Enters door left.

Where is the head? Show me the head? Oh, woe is me; it is my august mistress, Chee Moo!

LEE SIN

The fox maid, little Tso!

SUEY SIN FAH

It is Chee Moo, my mistress, Chee Moo!

LEE SIN

My sword worked the magic. I carved her to look like Chee Moo. There is the eye that drooped in love to your humble husband's.

SUEY SIN FAH

She drooped her eye to you? I recognize it now. She should be dead! Look to your exalted sword! Oxheaded devils cling to its blade.

LEE SIN

The evil ones upon my blade mock her—not me, and they shall mock at Wu Sin Yin, for I shall present him with the sword together with her head.

Suey Sin Fah pins jewel on the bag.

Bid Chee Moo flee with her child.

Suey Sin Fah exits door right.

LEE SIN

The world is fire lined. To my work—I drag away the body, for without its head it is sweeter to fertilize a field of poppies.

Lee Sin goes through business of picking up supposed body and exits door right; music; property man now places table center, covered with red cloth; also chairs on either side, which are also covered with red cloth, with stools on their seats.

CHORUS

'Tis the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

Enter Wu Sin Yin, door left; roll of drum; seats himself at right of table. Enter Tai Fah Min, takes seat on left of table; music stops. Property man brings tray on which are two cups and places the same on table.

WU SIN YIN

Is it accomplished, my Tai Fah Min? Does your daughter sit in the coveted place she longed for?

TAI FAH MIN

Complacently:

Let us drink tea.

WU SIN YIN

Bring tea, and cups of honeysuckle flowers and rose petals.

They drink.

TAI FAH MIN

It is glorious when the bad die and the good live.

WU SIN YIN

Glorious! A rose petal for my tea.

Property man pretends to deliver one with chop sticks.
Enter Lee Sin door left, kneels and bows three times to Wu Sin Yin, rises and puts basket which he has carried with him on table, laying his sword on top.

LEE SIN

Most celestial master, I fall upon my knees, for they hold me not. Her head has been removed and quietness reigns. In the basket, my honorable master. The august sword is there, too, most honorable master. Forget not the august sword.

WU SIN YIN

Removes sword and peeks into basket.

Burn perfumed incense as I peep at it. You have chopped off the lips that I have kissed!

LEE SIN

They lied, great master.

WU SIN YIN

You have slit the eyes that have blinked to me!

LEE SIN

And to others, great master.

WU SIN YIN

You have chopped off the ears that have listened to my love!

LEE SIN

They have heard too much, great master.

TAI FAH MIN

Her head to the pigs! Another honeysuckle leaf for my tea!

WU SIN YIN

She *was* my first wife. I'll bury the trunk with august honor. Inform Due Jung Fah that I come. She need pray no longer. My arms ache for her, Tai Fah Min.

Music; exit Wu Sin Yin, followed by Tai Fah Min, door right.

LEE SIN

With head.

To the pigs! To the pigs with the head, but the demon sword for the girdle of Wu Sin Yin.

Exit Lee Sin, music, door right. Property man removes table and chairs, placing them on stage left. Music, plaintive theme.

CHEE MOO

Enters left with child, as before. Down center.

To the mountains, where the evil eye grows blind in the pure air of Heaven.

Enter spirit, Ling Won, with roll of drum at upper opening. Music.

LING WON

And the eye of Heaven sees all.

CHEE MOO

Who are you that floats upon a fleecy cloud? Are you an executioner who bears a sword?

LING WON

Fear not, I am the spirit of Wu Hoo Git's great-grandfather, the first Wu Hoo Git.

CHEE MOO

Then the breath of this child is your own life breeze, still playing on this earth. And this is the little Wu Hoo Git, who inherits your to-day and your to-morrow.

LING WON

As I inherit his yesterday and his yesterdays before it. I am the spirit-self of his great-grandmother, too; we of yesterday are two in one.

CHEE MOO

How mean you?

LING WON

The land of the dead is so crowded that married souls become as one in space and the silkworms of the dead land weave us into one cocoon that we may not crowd our neighbors.

CHEE MOO

Why does not his great-grandmother speak?

LING WON

It is not so ordained. She, being the woman, offended the ears of the gods—and her husband

—with many words when alive, so the just gods suffer me only to speak now that we are dead.

CHEE MOO

Can she hear and see us, too?

LING WON

She can hear and see all. There, too, the gods are just, for in life the nights enamored me from home to listen to the moon-birds in the shadows of the trees, while I sucked the honey of the night-blooming cereus along the way, and too often the morning dawned while I still drank in the songs of the women on the flower boats.

CHEE MOO

And will little Wu Hoo Git live as you do in death?

LING WON

Too soon if you obey me not. I come to warn and save him.

CHEE MOO

Who would harm my little Wu Hoo Git?

LING WON

The august Wu Sin Yin, his father, even now

sharpens a sword to cut the thread that holds him to this life.

CHEE MOO

I dreamed it and so I fled.

LING WON

I sent that dream; little Wu Hoo Git would have passed to us had it not been that his great-grandmother, the other half of my spirit-self, sewed a stitch in the brain of Lee Sin, the farmer, so that he could not pick up the thread of thought woven there by Wu Sin Yin, your husband, who had ordered the murder of the little Wu Hoo Git.

CHEE MOO

Horrified:

Too terrible! Oh, oh, I could fill a crystal vase with a mother's tears.

LING WON

I come to break the crystal vase of a mother's tears that would drown her boy.

CHEE MOO

What shall I do?

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CHEE MOO

LING WON

Send the august Wu Hoo Git on his world journey alone.

CHEE MOO

You would not take the little Wu Hoo Git, for you have a woman's heart within your breast and know a mother's meaning.

LING WON

You must come to us that Wu Hoo Git may live to the glory of the Emperor.

CHEE MOO

But he will lose his way without a mother's care and love.

LING WON

The future is for the gods; we are spirits and know only the path back to the moon whence he came. His steps are toward the sun, whither he goes.

CHEE MOO

Let me go with him.

LING WON

Not so. Wu Sin Yin would know you, for

you are grown. He is so little that he looks like other babes and may escape.

CHEE MOO

But he needs a mother to feed and look after him.

LING WON

The ravens will feed him; the eagles will show him the mountain peaks; the humming-birds will tell him the names of the flowers along his path; the goldfish will show him whither the streams flow straight. And a maiden will arise to teach him the story of love. Fear not. The Gods of Mercy and of Love will hold his hands.

CHEE MOO

My Wu Hoo Git—my little Wu Hoo Git. Your mother's heart melts for you.

LING WON

He will go up and up and up, till he wears the sun-hued garment.

CHEE MOO

The sun-hued garment! My Wu Hoo Git.

To spirit:

Leave me not. My heaven-descended son of the morning fades in my arms as you fade. He goes from me into the glory of paleness, while I cry out for his peaceful rest.

LING WON

The evil lines only wrought by demon cunning fade from his cheeks before the light of a new soul day. The cramped and evil thoughts born of his father's life flee before the sword thrusts of good thoughts which a mother marshals to cradle him.

CHEE MOO

You go from me!

LING WON

Write Wu Hoo Git's name and history on his coat and come to us. Farewell—we must depart into the shadows.

Spirit retires.

CHEE MOO

Leave me not—oh, leave me not!

Laughing and crying:

Wu Hoo Git, my Wu Hoo Git. I am a willow weeping over the stream of my own life-blood. I will write your name on your garment in a moth-

er's blood that the life of the mother's veins from which you sprang may enter into and become a part of your soul.

Chee Moo here bites the second finger of her left hand until the blood comes, which she allows to drop into the palm of her hand; then dips the finger-nail of her right hand into the blood and writes on the white under-garment of the child, sobbing during the speech.

My baby—my boy!

Writes:

This is Wu Hoo Git, pure and perfect, now, decreed to live ten thousand years. A mother's tears, falling as rain from heaven, will fill the valleys across his path that his life-boat may float from mountain peak to mountain peak and confound his enemies who follow after. More words in the mother's blood—I grow weak.

Ancestors guard you,
Love embrace you.

Stops. To spirit, who is gone:

Will I hear his baby cry and not be able to come to him? Must I see the tears in his baby eyes and not be able to wipe them away?

LING WON

Outside:

Yes. Yes.

CHEE MOO

The mother who would give all and does give all—the ink in my veins runs out. Every drop must go to the boy.

Writes:

Be kind to her who gives you love. Hope, pray, fight, live—to make others happy. The last drop, —the last drop in my veins to tell the story of my boy and put a prayer on his garment. All—my baby boy—all! A mother's love! I can not let you go. Your baby hands cling about my heart. The light grows as gentle as the light of dreams. Wu Hoo Git—my baby—my Wu Hoo Git.

She now becomes faint with the loss of blood and sinks to the stage. Property man and his assistant bring ladder and place it at center of upper opening. Chee Moo rises and climbs up four rungs of the ladder. Property man holds ladder.

CHORUS

She climbs to Heaven.

Music. Enter door left, Suey Sin Fah, followed by Lee Sin; come center, see child, but take no notice of ladder or Chee Moo.

SUEY SIN FAH

What babe is this? I see not the mother.

LEE SIN

His name is writ in blood upon his garment. 'Tis Wu Hoo Git! We will fly with him.

Exeunt with child, door right.

CHEE MOO

On Heaven ladder, climbing farther up.

My Wu Hoo Git! Your mother will never see you wear the sun-hued garment, but she will know.

TABLEAU CURTAIN

NOTE. *At end of act, in place of curtain calls, the Chorus comes before the blue curtain and offers thanks in the name of the company.*

CHORUS

Appearing:

I bow and thank you in the name of my brothers of the Pear Tree Garden for the kindness you

have shown. I ask indulgence. I would permit them to appear and voice their thanks did not tradition forbid. I shall tell them; it will put joy in their hearts. At the close of our story if they still stand in the light of your favor, it will please me to permit them to come before you, if you do not adulate them too much for their good. I bow.

Exits.

CURTAIN

ACT II

After the house curtain is taken up the tableau curtains are slightly parted and the property man enters. He walks to extreme right, then to extreme left and back to center, striking large gong; then exits through opening in tableau curtains. Orchestra on stage plays short overture. At crash of cymbals Chorus appears before the curtains and bows to right, left and center.

CHORUS

I come again because I promised. I bow again.

Bows three times.

You may rely on my august word, for I deal in facts alone uncolored by fancy. My brothers of the Pear Tree Garden are not accountable to truth, as they speak what the author of our play,—I will advise you later of him,—has set down for them to speak. Authors and poets color the truth by the prettiness of their fancy. I bow to them, however, telling you to beware of them,

for I derive my opportunity from the soaring of their imagination to present my august self to you. To this extent authors are magnificently worthy. Wu Sin Yin, the evil father, was unable to kill his august son, Wu Hoo Git. This celestial young prince had dwelt twelve moons, when last you heard his baby cry of parting with his honorable and august mother, Chee Moo, who took her passage heavenward in your glorious presence. But time has honorably pursued its venerable way. Wu Hoo Git has grown into youthful manhood, and stands at the portal of flowery life. He must pluck the azaleas of youth and observe them wither at the touch of his golden finger-nails. He must know the temple of the body before his body knows the temple of his mind.

Bell sounds off.

The great bell calls me—as it calls him. The bell-maker cast it of pure gold and silver, but its note proved brazen. The Son of Heaven was supremely annoyed. The bell-maker recast it. When the metal was molten, to save her father's life, for fear its note might again carry base tones, his daughter disposed of her body by springing into the mass of white heat; so her soul became of the bell wrought by her father. The metals

welded with her spirit, and its tone was then one of virtuous harmony and love. Wu Hoo Git, too, must pass through molten life, that the fires may purify his soul and weld it into the purest strain. I augustly bow; you honorably listen.

Chorus turns his back to audience, makes gesture with his fan. At crash of cymbals, tableau curtains are drawn. Chorus now goes up to table, center. Property man discovered seated on stool in center of stage. When music stops, property man arises, indicates to Chorus that scene is set and crosses to left. Chorus then speaks.

CHORUS

'Tis the home of Lee Sin, the farmer; though humble in appearance, it is crowded with riches.

Music. Enter Suey Sin Fah, left. She comes down left, opens imaginary door, steps over the door-sill, closes door, crosses to center and stands in front of stool before speaking.

SUEY SIN FAH

It is the twentieth anniversary of the birth of Wo Hoo Git, who has grown into beautiful manhood. The Goddess of Mercy—Kuan Yin—she who hears prayers and is the giver of children—has given me no baby of my own to

care for, but in secret mercy has given me Wu Hoo Git to foster-mother. When I thought I held a babe and the breath of childhood was sweet, I looked and the flower had bloomed. Youth sprang from my arm-petals to laugh and run and play the first games of life. A few days give the first farewell to the mother's arms, a few months and the babe is a babe no more, a few years and our mother journey is done. We look in the mirror of the past with the gray upon our temples, and we find strong arms to protect us where we had protected the helpless babe. The boy runs away. He promises to return. He thinks he will return to the mother breast. You may think that all is well with Wu Hoo Git, but it is not so. Due Jung Fah's son, the Daffodil, grown to man, bars the way to Wu Hoo Git and his world-place. Like all adolescent boys, Wu Hoo Git longs for the world and its dangers. If he leaves our sheltering care, he will never return to the mother breast except in memory. I worship my soul alone.

Sits on stool, center. Music. Enter Lee Sin, door left. Carries hoe over shoulder, wears a beard. Comes down left, opens imaginary door, steps over sill, closes the door, crosses to right.

LEE SIN

Prosperity is mine. My ox ploughs the field and it grows pearly with rice. You touch the loom and it weaves rich fabrics. We dwell in the glory of our beautiful foster-child.

Suey Sin Fah, going to him, puts one arm about his neck and covers her face with the other hand.

SUEY SIN FAH

The august Wu Hoo Git has gone forever.

LEE SIN

Not so. Tell me not so. I murdered for him. Could a father do more?

SUEY SIN FAH

The string of our kite is broken and the kite drops down from its heaven-kissed place past the horizon. He is grown, and longs for the paths of pleasure where the way is piled with hungry evil gods. He demands the shadows of his past. He cries for his ancestors and we dare not give them to him. We must put him from his purpose or the evil-born son of the second wife, Due Jung Fah, will pursue and slay him.

LEE SIN

Fear not! He is not of the common horde whose palm is dulled to pleasure by hard toil. He is august and needs the luxury of the joy of living. The gods rain favors of grace and beauty and perfumed paths on such as he. Remember whence he sprang. His treasure chest is full of gold which the gods gave to feed his glorious appetite. Soon the man's life journey to match his exalted station must call him.

SUEY SIN FAH

Still I fear. I must wait by the hearthstone, where he will never play again. Never again will he make my knees his ancestral tablets and coo his baby prayer to them.

LEE SIN

Neither spirits nor Due Jung Fah's son can harm him now.

Crosses to left. Opens imaginary door.

Look! He comes like the sun over the eastern hill. He brings a new day to us.

Crosses to right again. Music. Enter door left, Wu Hoo Git.

WU HOO GIT

Strikes picture in doorway. Comes down left. Leaps over imaginary door-sill and crosses to center.

I am Wu Hoo Git! I am tired of classics. I long for the free air of life.

LEE SIN

You will not find contentment there.

WU HOO GIT

Then where shall I find contentment?

LEE SIN

In hard work and pure love.

WU HOO GIT

And where will I find pure love?

SUEY SIN FAH

In a mother's arms.

LEE SIN

In a wife's embrace.

WU HOO GIT

The woman answers one way, the man an-

other. In the world there are many answers. I must hear them all to judge.

LEE SIN

Go not from us. Be counseled by a father.

SUEY SIN FAH

And by a mother's love.

WU HOO GIT

Where is my real mother waiting? Where does my real father reside?

LEE SIN

Confused:

Our love withholds much that you will know in time.

WU HOO GIT

In time—always in time. I have played hide-and-seek with the sun-rays and the moon-rays, I have laughed from the mountain peak at the typhoon sweeping the valley below. But when I ask you for my ancestral tablets you tell me to wait.

SUEY SIN FAH

Till wisdom comes.

WU HOO GIT

Why should I be denied? A babe knows its mother. I demand my parents. I feel the blood of eagles in my veins. I demand, I say!

LEE SIN

I can not.

SUEY SIN FAH

I will not yet.

WU HOO GIT

Then I go to find them.

Goes up right to door.

Even at the portals of high Heaven. My purse is full, but without my ancestors, I dwell not in honor.

LEE SIN

The world is large and you know not the dangers that will cross your stumbling way.

WU HOO GIT

I fear not. I am grown to be an august man.

Large gong. Music. Exits door right.

SUEY SIN FAH

Going up toward door right.

Wu Hoo Git, my Wu Hoo Git! Come back to me! Oh, go not away, my boy! Rest here cradled in my love. Permit me to rock you to sleep to the song of gentle breezes and the tune of tiny bells.

LEE SIN

Goes to Suey Sin Fah. Puts arm around her.

He has the call of the world now and must answer.

They exeunt door right. Property man's assistants place four stools in a row across stage with spaces between them. Take two stools from left and place them right of stool which is at center; take one stool from wall left and place it left of stool center. Property man then makes gesture to Chorus and crosses to left.

CHORUS

Rises.

'Tis the flowery way of pleasant evenings. He comes! Wu Hoo Git's rival, the Daffodil, coddling his brain with dark thoughts.

Sits.

Music. Enter Daffodil preceded by two attendants, one carries large red banner, the other large fan. They stand either side of door left. He strikes attitude in doorway with fan, turns around slowly and as he faces front again property man drops sword on bottom of property box. Expression of pain crosses Daffodil's face. He crosses to center. Property man brings bouquet of flowers for him to smell, standing left of him.

WU FAH DIN

I advise this honorable audience that I am a man, though I possess a daffodil nature. I go to view delightful embroideries, but retard my footsteps, that you may observe my charm. I was born great. Wu Sin Yin was my father, and Due Jung Fah, the second wife, my mother. A wonderful alliance, as I am the superb result.

Property man holds flowers for him to smell again.

I am, therefore, the rival of Wu Hoo Git, who dwells, it is whispered, in an humble mountain home, whence he will go forth to seek his world-place. I am not happy while he dwells anywhere —so he must not dwell. He is simply vulgarly

manly, while I possess feminine qualities of great luxuriance.

Smells flowers again. Property man draws them away from him and puts them in box left. Property man then sits and reads Chinese paper.

I would contend with him, man to Daffodil, but it might break my finger-nails and establish a bad precedent. You may think the match unequal, because of my delicacy in a contest with brawn; but I assure you that it is not so. Craft, guided by cruelty, outweighs vulgar manliness. I must contrive to destroy his honesty and cleanness of life.

Attendant fans him with large fan.

I will call to my aid Yin Suey Gong, whom you will meet and know, by the hump on his back. I will have him present his porcelains to the unsuspecting Wu Hoo Git. He deals deliciously in porcelains. He will drop flowers of pleasure in Wu Hoo Git's path that my rival may inhale their odors of vice. Observe how I contend with brawn.

Music. Attendants go up right and exeunt. Daffodil goes up toward door as he speaks.

Cut the flowers in my path that I may walk.

Exits door right. Music changes. Enter door left, Yin Suey Gong. Carries staff. Music continues during speech.

YIN SUEY GONG

Comes down to center bowing.

I am Yin Suey Gong of the monkey form. The air was lukewarm when I came, ghost clouds were racing the wind. I was dusted by butterfly wings along my path. Bringing pleasure to the owner of gold is my business. A dragon yawned and belched me forth. A tooth caught me and I was born cramped of back. I give those who were born straight

Chuckles.

and august of face the world's pleasures. Then to avenge myself on mother nature, who distorted me, I pluck down their star and delight in its fall.

Chuckles.

I watch the flower lanterns of their vanity burn till the ribs stick out like skeletons. Then I laugh, for they are crooked in purse and without love. I flatter them till I have them in my grasp, then I mock at them, for they are fools. I deal with

the fair and they become crooked-brained. I juggle hearts. I toss them in the air and cross them and dance them on my finger-tips and catch them on my upturned nose. Sometimes one falls and leaves a blood spot where it fell. Then I gurgle and juggle on, for hearts are my currency and a few marred and broken ones are easily replaced.

WU FAH DIN

Enters, comes down left and crosses to right, dropping folded red paper, which represents a Chinese check. Backs up stage to door right as he speaks.

Wu Hoo Git approaches. Enmesh him. Tarnish him. It must be done with perfume, and gently.

Exits.

YIN SUEY GONG

Center.

I shall approach with my arms full of presents for the adolescent Wu Hoo Git.

Music. Enter Wu Hoo Git. Door left.

WU HOO GIT

Coming down left.

Where do I find myself?

YIN SUEY GONG

In the land where the honey is sweet and the bees have lost their sting.

WU HOO GIT

What is this land?

YIN SUEY GONG

Bows going up to him.

This is the land of perfumed pleasure. Where the cups are filled with silver rice-wine and the lips of love are heavy with greetings and your every desire is answered.

WU HOO GIT

Its story has been traced on a sweet-meat jar. But it is not the land I seek, for it tells not of my ancestors.

Moves a little right. Turns back to audience.

YIN SUEY GONG

You are augustly wise. You are old and learned. I bow to the august magnificence of your dress, the delicacy of the golden guards to

your honorable finger-nails, your wonderful jewelry of amber—your astute wisdom—

Wu Hoo Git shuts eyes in delight at flattery.

WU HOO GIT

I am transcendently wise.

YIN SUEY GONG

Your boots will surely decorate a city's gates when you have passed to your ancestors. You are old for your age. The world and life will make you older. Dreams await you. I greet you and lay the world at your feet.

WU HOO GIT

I would put you in a seat of friendship beside me.

YIN SUEY GONG

There are only two things to please the taste of an august man like you.

Bowing.

Some will tell you in deceit that there are many things to please, but there are only two.

WU HOO GIT

Only two in the broad world, to people my pleasure?

YIN SUEY GONG

Only two. You may travel, you may study, you may know, but pearly wine and luscious women are all that you will find. Some far countries boast of the dance, but it is a part of woman. Our august land oft speaks in song, but that, too, is sweet from the lips of woman only. It is not the note or string. It is the lips that sing. To know wine and women is rarer far than to know classics. The great scholars know this

Bows.

but praise not my honesty.

Turns away right.

WU HOO GIT

You make me wonder. I have learned philosophy. But it concerns me not in my search for my ancestors.

Starts toward door right.

YIN SUEY GONG

Be tutored by glorious woman, the rims of whose rice wine-cups are crystallized with kisses.

Moves away a little.

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YIN SUEY GONG.

WU HOO GIT

What are kisses?

YIN SUEY GONG

The meeting of the pollen of two flowers that float to each other on a heaven-sent breeze.

WU HOO GIT

Such an august meeting must make the sweetest incense for the gods.

YIN SUEY GONG

It does—only the evil one more often catches the breath.

WU HOO GIT

And why?

YIN SUEY GONG

The gods have others taste the sweets first for fear of poison.

WU HOO GIT

But there can be no poison in the meeting of the flowers.

YIN SUEY GONG

There may be birth and birth leads to death.

Music. During which Wu Hoo Git crosses to left. Listening. Yin Suey Gong watches the effect on him.

Love birds, flowers of happiness, come to garden your pleasure. They will teach you life, rarer than philosophy, richer than classics.

Enter door left four flower-girls at music cue. Strike picture in doorway, bow forward, then to left. They cross and stand above stools.

To your sale thrones, my princesses fair!

Girls come to below stools, backs to audience. They mount at music cue, with the help of the assistant property men. Girls then turn front, fans still before their faces.

WU HOO GIT

When music stops, crosses to center.

How modest they are! Fans before their rose faces!

Looks at girls, delighted.

I am glad I came to this world. It makes smiling in my heart.

YIN SUEY GONG

It has pleased many.

WU HOO GIT

By what charm do women hold us enchained?

YIN SUEY GONG

Wise men have wondered.

Laughs, moves right.

WU HOO GIT

May I approach them with my voice?

YIN SUEY GONG

And get strange answers!

WU HOO GIT

How many moons have passed since you graced the earth?

SEE QUOE FAH

Dropping fan.

Sixteen years of moons.

WU HOO GIT

Put up your fan! Who are *you?*

MOW DAN FAH

A peony flower.

WU HOO GIT

Then you will fade.

MOW DAN FAH

Pick me while my perfume lasts.

WU HOO GIT

You are as dainty as the embroidery on an Empress's gown.

Frightened, she puts fan over her face. Wu Hoo Git moves to Yin Suey Gong.

May I speak to the next one?

YIN SUEY GONG

The gods painted many that man might choose one!

WU HOO GIT

Starts to go up right.

Let me go back to philosophy and my ancestors.

YIN SUEY GONG

Stopping him.

And never know life?

WU HOO GIT

To third girl, who lowers fan.

She tipped her fan to me. I saw her eyes. I will wait and talk to her. Her hands are like penciled porcelain. She has the color of plum-tree buds. Are you—just like the other?

YONG SOO KOW

I was kissed by a more southern sun.

WU HOO GIT

Then two flowers met and a—a child was born?

YONG SOO KOW

You were not one of the flowers!

WU HOO GIT

What means she?

YIN SUEY GONG

A sunbeam played upon her hydrangea lip.

WU HOO GIT

Excited:

And danced in her eye and painted her cheek?

YIN SUEY GONG

You should have been the sunbeam. She invites you.

WU HOO GIT

This was never taught me in philosophy. How much there is to learn!

Indicating fourth girl.

That one coughed.

Sighs.

Send her to the Drug Hall of Propitious Munificence for the Great Blessing Pill, or the Double Mystery Pill, or the Thousand Gold Pill for maidens. I suffer to see her suffer.

YIN SUEY GONG

Her cough is a gentle salutation. She fears you may go astray if you talk too long to her august sisters.

WU HOO GIT

Delighted, whispering:

Does she think so much of me? I like her. She has a mother's heart.

YIN SUEY GONG

They all have mother-hearts.

WU HOO GIT

I never had a mother.

Crosses down center. Turns back to audience, looking at girls.

Now I have four.

Music. Girls sing. At end of song short dance. The girls turn around on stools and face front again. During song Wu Hoo Git crosses to left. At end of dance he speaks.

She sings with lips that part like opening roses. My foster-mother never sang like that. The blood runs faster in my veins.

Crosses to Yin Suey Gong.

I feel something here that beats.

YIN SUEY GONG

That is your heart. Philosophy knows nothing of it.

WU HOO GIT

I like her. She is so sweetly made—round and soft and delicate—like a vase we would embrace for fear it might fall and shatter its loveliness.

YIN SUEY GONG

You may hold her and embrace her beauties.

WU HOO GIT

I might let her fall and shatter her dainty roundness.

YIN SUEY GONG

You will learn in time.

WU HOO GIT

Tries.

But my arms may not be strong enough.

YIN SUEY GONG

Hers were made to help you.

WU HOO GIT

Crosses to Chow Wan, left; awkwardly embraces her.
Other girls lower fans and look at him. He then crosses back to Yin Suey Gong.

It is easier than I thought. She grows more delicately beautiful. She is sweeter than the rarest vase. I like the holding of her. Her breath is incense.

YIN SUEY GONG

You may taste her lips.

He crosses to Chow Wan again, ingenuously kisses her and crosses back to Yin Suey Gong.

WU HOO GIT

Sweetmeats rare.

Starts to kiss Chow Wan again, stopped by Yin Suey Gong.

YIN SUEY GONG

I will sell her to you.

WU HOO GIT

Astonished:

Is she for sale?

YIN SUEY GONG

Everything I possess is for sale.

WU HOO GIT

Would you keep none for yourself?

YIN SUEY GONG

I would be selfish to retain such delicate wares. All perfumed flowers may be cut by a golden knife. They wait upon the market for your desire.

Bowing.

WU HOO GIT

I will buy them all.

YIN SUEY GONG

Like most men you would have them all, but, if you purchase four maids, you would sell three, or present them to your friends.

WU HOO GIT

With inspiration. Moves left.

Then I will buy her who coughs.

WU HOO GIT

Girls drop fans and put them up quickly.

They dropped their fans and looked at me. I never felt such a delicate shock. It is like reading the classics at one glance by the light of ray-tailed comets. May they do it again?

YIN SUEY GONG

Not till you purchase.

WU HOO GIT

And what must I pay?

YIN SUEY GONG

All you have in your chased gold purse.

WU HOO GIT

Crosses to Yin Suey Gong, right.

But I have nine thousand taels! What shall I do when I give them all to you?

YIN SUEY GONG

Send home for more like every august son who would see the world.

WU HOO GIT

Turns left looking at purse.

Nine thousand taels for a mother!

CHOW WAN

I am worth more.

He looks up at her.

You will find it so.

WU HOO GIT

Drops purse.

Take my purse, most gracious Yin Suey Gong.

Goes to Chow Wan, left.

Lee Sin will send me more. She would suffer so alone.

Music. Three girls turn on stools with backs to audience and descend, assisted by the property man, and exeunt door right. Yin Suey Gong follows them up to door and turns, looking at Wu Hoo Git. Wu Hoo Git helps Chow Wan off of stool.

They do not smile on me.

YIN SUEY GONG

The evil one fans them with jealousy. You did not buy them, too.

WU HOO GIT

Are they angry?

YIN SUEY GONG

They are filled with humility. Farewell!

Aside.

He drowns in the vase of pleasure. The Daffodil will smile.

Exits right, laughing. Property man's assistants push four stools together, then bring four chairs and place them back of stools, touching them. An assistant exits right but returns immediately with two bamboo poles to be used as oars. Hands one to another assistant and they stand a little above and to the right of the chairs. Property man gets drapery and places it over back of chairs. Then he places two cushions on the stools which he gets from left near property box. Music stops when Wu Hoo Git speaks.

WU HOO GIT

By what sweet name are you called?

Taking her hand.

CHOW WAN

Chow Wan, Autumn Cloud.

WU HOO GIT

Dropping her hand, backing away.

That's augustly pretty. What shall I do with you now I have bought you?

CHOW WAN

Goes to him, places head on his shoulder.

I will teach you.

WU HOO GIT

Your voice is like an honorable zephyr. Bring it closer!

Puts arm about her.

CHOW WAN

You are learning.

WU HOO GIT

But you have not taught me a thing that I could behold.

CHOW WAN

The gods have taught you many things that you can feel yet know not of.

WU HOO GIT

I do not understand, but I like you better than philosophy.

CHOW WAN

When you have said farewell to me, you will be a wiser philosopher.

WU HOO GIT

Backs away from her.

Must we part?

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THE FLOWER BOAT.

Starts to embrace her, she evades him, crosses to center below.

CHOW WAN

Not for many perfumed days.

Property man makes gesture to Chorus who rises.

CHORUS

'Tis a flower boat which floats upon a silver river of love.

Chow Wan seats herself on cushion of boat and invites Wu Hoo Git to enter.

CHOW WAN

Come with me in the flower boat and float among the lotus plants while the night birds perch on the moon-rays and sing to us, and I answer their song.

He gets into the boat. After he is settled two assistants with poles pretend to row the boat. Musician rubs two pieces of sandpaper together in time with the strokes.

WU HOO GIT

You think of such sweet ways to wander from

the minutes of the third day of the third moon to the fourth day of the third moon.

CHOW WAN

In my arms you will wander ten thousand years.

WU HOO GIT

His arm about her.

I wish your three sisters had stayed with us. It would have warmed their hearts to see us thus.

She drops her fan.

CHOW WAN

You are so worldly-wise.

Fans herself slowly.

They would have purred with delight.

WU HOO GIT

Song off stage.

The silver sails fill with the summer breeze. Wild bells tinkle in my august veins. I never heard them there before.

CHOW WAN

Turns away from him.

See the lotus lanterns on the water wafting their candle-light to us!

WU HOO GIT

Starts up.

This is the night of love. Let not the morning come.

CHOW WAN

A love boat passes us in the moonlight.

WU HOO GIT

Looking. She follows imaginary boat from left to right with her hand.

It holds a woman and a man in sweet embrace. It is the lotus-lipped fan girl I met with you.

CHOW WAN

Yin Suey Gong has sold her to him.

They follow the imaginary boat with their eyes. Wu Hoo Git with his hand around to right holds picture until song off stage stops.

WU HOO GIT

I should have bought her and saved her from him.

CHOW WAN

Your gold is not enough for one.

She puts head on his shoulder.

Let us land for more.

WU HOO GIT

Wait until the night is passed.

CHOW WAN

No! We will find it sweeter in my home. You fill the purse for the fruits, cakes and candies. I will shadow the lanterns and draw the silken curtains to await your coming.

He starts to embrace her. She stops him.

I have more to teach you.

At gesture from Wu Hoo Git the assistants stop rowing. They get out of boat. Music stops. Assistants with bamboo poles exeunt right. Property man takes drapery away. Assistants remove chairs. The fourth stool is left in center of the stage with red cushion on it. Property man, after gesture to Chorus, sits left. Assistants now exeunt left.

Fill your purse.

WU HOO GIT

It takes so much money to love, my Autumn Cloud.

Music, he exits right. Chow Wan watching him exit.

CHOW WAN

He has flown on wings of swiftness for a second purse full.

She crosses at back to left.

CHORUS

Rising.

'Tis a love nest.

Chow Wan opens imaginary door, steps over sill, closes door, and sits on stool center. Music continues.

CHOW WAN

He has flown on wings of swiftness for a second purse full. I must wait at home alone. I will change my gown to one of softer silk; dress my head like a princess for my Wu Hoo Git. Bring me lanterns of blue and pink that their light may tint the eye glance of him who comes. Crowd my abode with almond flowers and open the lattice so that the moon-rays danc-

ing on my goldfish pond may make love to the lantern's light within. Fill the air with perfumes of sandal-wood. Bring me my handkerchief of pale blue embroidered with purple wistaria. I must weep at my Wu Hoo Git's long delay. Bring my Yeuh Chin that I may be playing when his footfall tinkles on the path. Place carved wood screens about me that no one may behold my beauty but him I wait for. He comes! He comes! My lover returns with his purse of gold.

YIN SUEY GONG

Enters door left, comes down, opens imaginary door, steps over sill, closes door and goes to Chow Wan. Music stops.

What do you here alone?

CHOW WAN

Waiting as becomes me. Wu Hoo Git is filling his purse with gold drops.

YIN SUEY GONG

It is not enough. I can sell you to an emperor.

CHOW WAN

An emperor!

Rises. Moves down right a little and stands with back to audience.

Lead me to his fascinations.

YIN SUEY GONG

A chair of lacquered gold awaits you. You must approach him as becomes his rank.

CHOW WAN

Music on moon-guitar. She goes up to door right and turns.

I will approach him closely.

Exits door right. Music stops. Property man removes stool and cushion to left.

YIN SUEY GONG

This is my lucky day. I've sold all my porcelains but I must have Wu Hoo Git's second purse full to line my treasure sack. I must flatter him into another purchase, or my head will smile from a bamboo pole at my crooked trunk. My head against his purse of gold.

WU HOO GIT

Music. Entering door left, running to left center.

Chow Wan—my Autumn Cloud! I bring the mountain's gold to you.

YIN SUEY GONG

Your purse is welcome.

WU HOO GIT

Where dwells my honorable Autumn Cloud,—Chow Wan?

YIN SUEY GONG

Drifting in the azure sky after a butterfly's perch. I will find you a spring cloud that is warmer.

WU HOO GIT

I understand not your speech.

YIN SUEY GONG

The august Wu Hoo Git has grown so old in an hour of pleasure that he has come to man's estate and should now follow the pleasures of an august man.

WU HOO GIT

I want my Autumn Cloud.

YIN SUEY GONG

Kite flying is more for the education of a man

who has seen the world and grown weary, as you have.

WU HOO GIT

But I am not weary. Where is my Chow Wan? I have a purse of jewels for her.

YIN SUEY GONG

You should be augustly happy, for most men who have seen the pleasure path have lost their purse. Chow Wan has flown to a daintier nest, silk woven.

WU HOO GIT

Flown, as the morning light comes to greet our love!

YIN SUEY GONG

I will sell you a more comforting mate.

WU HOO GIT

But I own her heart for I bought my august Autumn Cloud with my gold.

YIN SUEY GONG

I sold her for the gold of another whose purse was deeper.

WU HOO GIT

But she is completely mine. The crevices of

her heart are mine to nestle in. She told me so herself. You are a thief.

YIN SUEY GONG

I should not else be supremely wise.

WU HOO GIT

Bring back my august other self to me. You opened Heaven's doors of love to me, gave me the sweets of life—the perfumed breath of the ages of love. Then you close the doors, and tell me to find that joy-light again in other eyes.

YIN SUEY GONG

You had your hour of fleeting pleasure. Do you expect with your small glint of gold to buy a lifetime of happiness?

WU HOO GIT

I am grown to man and I can wreak the vengeance of my might on him who steals my blessings.

YIN SUEY GONG

Be augustly calm. Woman is merely a matter of gold. Give me more than he gave and I will buy her back.

WU HOO GIT

From the arms of another? The gods themselves can never make her the same Autumn Cloud you stole.

YIN SUEY GONG

Another will do as well, if you close your exalted eyes.

WU HOO GIT

You shall change, as she has changed, so that all the gods of yesterday and the gods of to-morrow can not right you into what you were. I will carve your august hump.

YIN SUEY GONG

I will give you back your gold for mercy.

WU HOO GIT

I am not for sale. Bring me your honorable hump that I may chop it into the likeness of my Autumn Cloud.

Crosses to left.

YIN SUEY GONG

I will defend my august hump.

He drops his staff. They stand in attitude of fighting. Wu Hoo Git left, Yin Suey Gong right. Property man takes short double sword in scabbard and one short single sword in scabbard out of property box, crosses to center, hands double sword to Yin Suey Gong, single sword to Wu Hoo Git and retires to left. During fight musician comes down to center below Chorus' table and works cymbals. Cymbals crash with the striking of swords. The whole fight is conducted in a slow methodical manner, with much turning. Wu Hoo Git finally cuts off the hump of Yin Suey Gong, taking red bag from under his coat, and he sinks to the stage in a sitting position back toward the left. Property man places pillow for Yin Suey Gong in wrong position. He motions him to bring it closer, which property man does with his foot.

Yin Suey Gong now lies down, making himself quite comfortable. Wu Hoo Git stands over him, and as he holds red bag up at arm's length loud crash of cymbals. Wu Hoo Git then crosses to left and victoriously gives his sword to property man.

Chow Wan enters left, stands near doorway.

WU HOO GIT

Going up to her left center near door.

Enfold me in your arms. Taste my lips again. Chow Wan, my Autumn Cloud.

Embracing her.

CHOW WAN

Bitterly: goes down, kneels and leans over body of Yin Suey Gong.

You have killed my Yin Suey Gong. Who will sell me now? Evil spirits clutch at you. Depths of night enfold you.

Falls over body weeping.

WU HOO GIT

I departed his hump for selling you from me.

CHOW WAN

He got more adorable gold than you could give.

WU HOO GIT

Crossing right at back.

Gold is not the measure of the heart.

CHOW WAN

Go into the pleasure world and see. My monkey, my Yin Suey Gong, my beautiful Yin Suey Gong.

WU HOO GIT

Console yourself,

Chow Wan looks at him.

I am not going to kill him again.

Girls enter left and cross down to body of Yin Suey Gong.

CHOW WAN

He has killed our master!

GIRLS

Killed him!

All kneel. See Quoe Fah, left of Chow Wan, Mow Dan Fah, right of Chow Wan, Yong Soo Kow left of See Quoe Fah.

Our poor Yin Suey Gong.

CHOW WAN

Pathetically:

Who will traffic in our love now?

WU HOO GIT

Gold *is* the measure of your affection. Your hearts are outbalanced in the scales by a grain of yellow dust in the heart traffic of him I slew. I repent his death for in an evil way he was a tutor

who taught me pleasure; though a traffic not smiled upon by the gods, it must have some purpose for good or it would not be. May he glory in his ancestors!

CHOW WAN

You have no ancestors.

THE GIRLS

No ancestors?

WU HOO GIT

I have tarried too long in the way of pleasure. I go to seek my ancestors. I give him back his hump.

Throws red bag on stage. Exits door right.

CHOW WAN

He is monkey-shaped and can walk upon the clouds.

Girls hold hands up.

He is above human. Put back his hump and he will live again to traffic in our hearts. His superb breath returns. His honorable eyes roll to us. We will be sold again.

Mow Dan Fah gives red bag to Chow Wan.

YIN SUEY GONG

Coming to life. During scene when Yin Suey Gong comes to life, music effects.

Restore my honorable hump—

Chow Wan places it under his coat.

that I may breathe delicious breath.

Sighs.

He cut it off.

CHOW WAN

Wu Hoo Git. He will perish for his deed. He has no ancestors to pray to.

YIN SUEY GONG

No ancestors! No ancestors!

He rises, picking up staff. Girls rise and back away up right.

I am augustly avenged! To the market place for hearts.

Girls exeunt right followed by Yin Suey Gong to door. Property man kicks death pillow to assistant left. Then picks up two swords. Puts them in scabbards in box left.

CHORUS

Rises.

The Daffodil, tired of waiting for results, visits Yin Suey Gong.

WU FAH DIN

Enters left, followed by attendant, who carries red silk cord and stands up center.

Where is the pleasure you promised me? Where are the delightful tintinnabulations of joy at his undoing? Feast my eyes.

YIN SUEY GONG

He has gone.

WU FAH DIN

Lead me to his destruction.

YIN SUEY GONG

He has gone to seek his ancestors.

WU FAH DIN

A cord about his neck.

Attendant comes down, places cord around Yin Suey Gong's neck.

Twist it, that I may see his lying tongue swell from his mouth.

YIN SUEY GONG

Time, give me time. When the arrow misses you do not throw the bow away, but send another shaft on truer lines. I will contrive his ruin.

WU FAH DIN

Give me the cord.

Takes end of cord.

Follow to the palace.

Starts up for door right.

YIN SUEY GONG

The scarf chafes my neck.

WU FAH DIN

It remains a gentle reminder, while we contrive again.

Exeunt right. Property man's assistants place table with cover center. Chair with cover and small stool on it right of table. They exeunt left.

CHORUS

Rises.

'Tis the house of Tai Char Shoong, the illustrious, father of Plum Blossom, the adored heroine of this play.

Enter Plum Blossom (Moy Fah Loy) and See Noi left and hold picture in doorway.

MOY FAH LOY

Come quickly.

They move down left. Property man stands down left with bamboo pole in horizontal position across stage.

From the window of this room we can see him pass.

Wu Hoo Git enters, comes down left, crosses below property man to right and exits up right.

SEE NOI

What, what, what!

MOY FAH LOY

Saw you not the youth of the kite hill? To the window! Open the lattice that I may peep.

See Noi opens imaginary shutters.

SEE NOI

'Tis Wu Hoo Git! Be careful lest he see you.

Pulling her up stage.

Remember your maiden modesty.

MOY FAH LOY

Looking at Wu Hoo Git through imaginary window.

Saw you ever one who walks like him with godlike mien? He stands so straight the clouds separate to form a pathway for his brain.

Turns, looks at See Noi.

He looks not back. His eyes are not for woman, but eternities.

Moy Fah Loy closes imaginary shutters and crosses to below table. Property man retires left with pole.

Oh! A madness of dejection enters my fancy and chills my heart.

Enter Tai Char Shoong left. Strikes picture in doorway. Wood block and small gong. Coming down left between See Noi and Moy Fah Loy.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

See Noi! Let my Plum Blossom be robed in richness becoming the birth of my daughter.

Plum Blossom crosses to See Noi, who goes to door with her as she exits left.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Crosses and sits right of table.

See Noi, I am about to give my daughter in betrothal.

See Noi comes down left.

SEE NOI

I feared it, illustrious master.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

How dare you fear what I command! You have loosed your tongue to my daughter.

SEE NOI

Frightened:

No more than she has heard herself; gossip, breeze carried through each window lattice.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

And of what do busy tongues complain?

SEE NOI

Of the future mother-in-law of her you would give in marriage.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

A perfect woman, filled with knowledge of what a wife should be.

See Noi

'Tis whispered her son's first wife died of his mother's accomplishments.

Tai Char Shoong

What more could she have done for my daughter's sake?

See Noi

If it must be so, may she possess a hundred children and a thousand grandchildren.

Tai Char Shoong

It is too few to wish her.

Music.

Moy Fah Loy

Enters left, richly gowned, comes down to below table center. Bows.

Honorable father, I have done your bidding.

Tai Char Shoong

He holds out his hand. She comes to him.

Let a smile of joy dwell upon your lips and behave in your most graceful manner, for the Widow of Ching, comes to negotiate for the marriage of her son.

MOY FAH LOY

Turns front. Eyes down, head turned away.

I smile in the house of my father, I might weep in the home of his friend.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

A wife must take what the gods bestow upon her.

Rises.

Now approaches the august mother-in-law. Forget not the courtesies of such a meeting.

Music. The Widow and maid enter on a wheelbarrow trundled by assistant, followed by another with green card. They cross down left, then to right and up. Assistant presents card to Tai Char Shoong, who crosses to left, then assists them to alight from wheelbarrow and exits right. Assistant with wheelbarrow exits right.

WIDOW

Tai Char Shoong, I bestow upon this house a bow.

Bows. Maid takes small stool off chair and as Widow sits, places it under feet and retires back of her.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

And I bestow upon the Widow of our great mandarin, departed to his ancestors, and the mother of our youthful mandarin, a bow.

All bow again.

Bring jade cups of tea and pipe.

Property man brings tray with two tea bowls and two cups and Chinese pipe. Places tray on table center. Then lights pipe and crosses to left and sits.

WIDOW

Is this Moy Fah Loy?

MOY FAH LOY

I am Moy Fah Loy.

Below table, bowing to her.

WIDOW

Let me observe you. Turn about with graceful composure.

She does so.

Your hair is arranged complacently; your feet are large.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Down left.

That she may walk the easier to attend upon her mother-in-law.

WIDOW

Let me observe the nails of your fingers. There is a hair left in one eyebrow. It shows carelessness in preparing for my observation. Your lips should be painted thinner. Can you embroider?

See Noi gives lighted pipe to maid.

MOY FAH LOY

Kingfishers and storks.

WIDOW

Good birds, both.

Maid gives pipe to Widow.

Can you prepare with daintiness sweetmeats, watermelon seeds, rice wine?

She puffs pipe. Returns it to maid who then hands it to See Noi, who places it on table.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Sadly:

Her august mother, divinely departed, instructed her in the virtues of the home.

WIDOW

Permit me, Tai Char Shoong, to examine into your daughter's virtues, as I am augustly versed in virtues. You should wait upon me, your mother-in-law, with modest obeisance.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Could she be other than a worshipful slave to such an honorable mother-in-law?

MOY FAH LOY

There are thirty-six kinds of mother-in-law, and she is every kind.

WIDOW

I will bestow upon you because of the excellence of this house, ten thousand taels.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

My house and daughter are illustriously honored.

WIDOW

Rises. Maid picks up stool as Widow rises and places it on chair.

We will gracefully take the daughter of Tai Char Shoong into our hearts and home.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

The splendor of the honor of bestowing such a mother-in-law upon my daughter dazzles my modest eyes.

WIDOW

I take my departure. You are augustly blessed, my Plum Blossom, in having me to guide your way, in my illustrious son's house.

MOY FAH LOY

Augustly blessed!

WIDOW

Crossing up to door. Tai Char Shoong goes to above table.

Prepare your gracious self for the six ceremonies within three days, for I need your worthy service in my home.

Bows and exits, preceded by maid. Tai Char Shoong bows and exits up right. Property man crosses to table, takes tea tray and pipe. Smokes pipe as he crosses to left. Places them in box left and sits.

MOY FAH LOY

Going to See Noi up right, who holds her in her arms.

My mother-in-law!

Looking up.

Bring me poison!

SEE NOI

Say not so, honorable one. Think on the family.

MOY FAH LOY

Lead me to the tablets of my mother that I may pray to her and know.

Music. They exeunt right, property man and assistants arrange four chairs across stage with backs to audience and a stool center. Property man crosses to center and superintends placing of chairs. Over the backs of the chairs, beginning from the right, property man places white cloth tablets on which are painted in Chinese characters the following names: Chum Shou, Moy Kwai Fah Loy, Moy Fah Loy. He gets the two

tablets mixed on the chairs left of stool center, and after reading the names changes them. After so placing the tablets property man sits on stool left, and starts to read paper. An assistant enters with bowl of rice. Gives it to property man, who smiles and takes it. Assistant exits. Property man then bows to Chorus who has become annoyed at delay, and then sits and begins eating rice with chop sticks. Music during this business.

CHORUS

'Tis the resting place of the bodies of the departed.

WU HOO GIT

Enters left, comes right of stool center. Music forte until he gets to center, then stops. Looks at tablets.

Here in the city of the dead I will find my impressive ancestors. I will pray at the tombs for the gods to give me an honorable mother. I must have had an august father once, for every one, they say, has had at least one august father. I will pray at the tombs for the gods to give me an honorable mother, with a delicate name—one that drops like a sweet song from the lips.

Reads, chair first right.

Chum Shou, "Graceful Long Life." I like not her name.

Crosses right.

I will not pray to her. Here is a tomb that is deep in the ashes of burned paper money. I will dust away the ashes with my solemn breath.

Blows on tablet, then reads tablet number two right.

Moy Kwai Fah Loy, "Rose Bud." I care not for roses. With my solemn breath I cover her again with ashes.

Blows breath on tablet, moves to left.

Here is a quiet ancestral tablet. From within issues precious light.

Reads number one left.

Moy Fah Loy, "Plum Blossom." I like plums and I have scented the perfume of their blossoms. I will take Plum Blossom for motherhood.

Property man puts down bowl of rice and places cushion before chair left center, holding chop sticks in other hand.

I kneel,

Does so.

for I have found an exemplary tablet that conforms to my adorable self.

Music.

Plum Blossom mother, to you whom I find late in life, my speech choked with tears, my heart weary with long suffering, I kneel.

Property man takes bamboo pole from wall left, crosses to right of Chorus' table and stands with back to the audience—holding pole in perpendicular position.

CHORUS

'Tis a celestial weeping-willow tree.

Plum Blossom enters left, crosses to center at back and stands just below pole, with fan over her face.

CHORUS

The maiden peeps from the shadow of the tree at the youth of her fancy.

Music stops.

MOY FAH LOY

Who kneels at the tablets of my Pum Blossom mother?

WU HOO GIT

An august child just born to her. What fairy

of beauty crosses my prayer! A princess in dress and carriage, a lily foot. Light radiates from her person and shines through her garments. Raise your fan to me.

MOY FAH LOY

In surprise does so. Then covers her face again.

I did not mean to do it.

To audience.

'Tis he of the kite hill.

WU HOO GIT

Painted banner of love! You fill the pockets of my eyes with graciousness. I like you. I wish that you were buried here that I might take you to motherhood.

MOY FAH LOY

It is my mother that lies there, and I came to burn incense at her tablets.

WU HOO GIT

Rises, goes up to her.

I will assist your honorable hands.

MOY FAH LOY

It is most unholy to speak to a man—

WU HOO GIT

At the grave of our exalted mother?

MOY FAH LOY

I like your voice. It is sweet.

She sits stool center. Property man crosses left and places pole against wall left and then sits.

I will be unholy while See Noi, my maid, yonder in the flowery path prays to her mother's ashes and sees me not.

WU HOO GIT

I selected the right mother.

MOY FAH LOY

Then she is not your real honorable mother?

WU HOO GIT

I liked her name and thought she would be an honorable mother. I needed one.

MOY FAH LOY

I am glad you chose her. I couldn't have spoken to you if you had not been one of our sublime family.

Peeps at him through fan.

WU HOO GIT

I can behold with my eyes your celestial heart through the lattice of your fan.

MOY FAH LOY

How wonderful you are! The openings are so small for you to peep through and my heart is so augustly large.

WU HOO GIT

I know the august woman heart. I have traveled the road of pleasure. I have sailed on the flowery sea of sin.

Crosses to right.

MOY FAH LOY

How enchanting! You walk like an emperor.

He stops walking.

Walk for me.

WU HOO GIT

I walk.

Moves several steps toward her.

How old are you? You must be forty, you are so beautiful and wise.

MOY FAH LOY

Tapping her fan.

Walk.

WU HOO GIT

I walk.

Crosses to left.

MOY FAH LOY

Walk with your venerable footsteps nearer, that I may see you through my fan.

He turns toward her.

Not with your eyes fixed upon me, but your head held high in majesty.

WU HOO GIT

I should walk into your eyes and lips.

MOY FAH LOY

Then I could not use them.

WU HOO GIT

There is a way.

Kneeling left of her.

I have learned it.

MOY FAH LOY

From another maiden?

Turns her back on him.

I do not know augustly why, but I do not like that.

Wu Hoo Git

I will teach you.

Moy Fah Loy

Then I shall have traveled the flowery paths just as far as you.

Turns to him again.

Wu Hoo Git

Augustly deign to place your eyes this way. I would have celestially sworn that I had measured the depths and heights of joy; I only stood on the rim of the false jade cup till I looked into your eyes.

Moy Fah Loy

Drawing away from him slowly.

We are forgetting our mother.

Wu Hoo Git

I have a thought.

Rises.

If you are my sister and I am your brother, I had better adopt another mother.

MOY FAH LOY

Tell me why?

WU HOO GIT

We can not love unless you will be my mother-wife.

MOY FAH LOY

What shall we do? I am on the threshold of betrothal.

WU HOO GIT

Then I renounce our mother and will contend with him who seeks your hand.

MOY FAH LOY

Rises. Smiling.

Let us augustly kneel and burn incense and pray to find a way.

They kneel before chair number one, left.

SEE NOI

Enters door left, crosses to right at back and down right.

Moy Fah Loy, Plum Blossom; do my eyes deceive me! On her knees with a man, and she was left in my exalted care!

MOY FAH LOY

Is that you, See Noi? I was engrossed in prayer.

SEE NOI

Crosses to Plum Blossom.

All the prayers of all the gods and all the world burned up in an incense pot could not save you now.

Takes her by the arm. Pulls her to right center.

You are ruined. You have spoken to a man!

MOY FAH LOY

He is my brother.

SEE NOI

Impossible! I knew your mother.

MOY FAH LOY

He has adopted my mother. He had none, so I gave him half of mine. You taught me charities.

Assistant removes two tablets from chair left of stool center, rolls them and wakes property man to give them to him. Then takes second chair left and places it up left, back to audience. The other chair left of stool he removes to wall left.

Half my mother was all I had to give.

See Noi

Evil spirits have you. Your maiden modesty has flown. You have talked with a man!

Wu Hoo Git

I will marry her, for she is good.

See Noi

Plum Blossom, daughter of Tai Char Shoong, marry a man without a mother! The maiden bloom of her cheek you have brushed away. You have blighted the fruit of her usefulness. Her father will behead me for this dishonor.

Wu Hoo Git

I will make her happier than a father could.

See Noi

Your doors are not opposite. Your wealth can

not match hers. You have no mother and are unequal. Home, I say!

Takes Plum Blossom up to door right, sobbing.

And see my gray head pay the price your shamed virtue brings upon your father's house.

Moy Fah Loy

I must be very wicked.

They exeunt. See Noi crying. Property man picks up red cushion and places it left, near property box.

Wu Hoo Git

Follows up to door and turns.

If I am to believe my eyes, I have lost true love. Shadows encircle me. Who are you, the rapping of whose bambo stick, tapping its way hither in measured tread, encroaches on my silence?

Enter door left, Maun Gung, blind fortune-teller, accompanied by rapping on wood block in orchestra. Down left, crosses and up right before speaking. Carries long bamboo stick, which he raps on stage, still accompanied by wood block in the orchestra.

MAUN GUNG

The blinds of darkness have been drawn across the windows of my head. I see not. I am a beggar; the past, the present and the future parade before me. I know all.

WU HOO GIT

How can you know when you can not see?

MAUN GUNG

Let your kindness loose its purse-string to help me on my stumbling way and I will tell.

WU HOO GIT

Gives money.

How know you life with holes for eyes?

MAUN GUNG

I look within. There lies all there is to know.

WU HOO GIT

Then you are not a prophet of the days to come?

MAUN GUNG

I read the days to come by the light of the days that have gone. My brain sights travel the

ghostly ways of memory. What a man was, he is; and what he is, he will be. A fool can prophesy.

WU HOO GIT

Know you the year and moon of my birth?

MAUN GUNG

Not so, for your birthday was the death day of what you were before.

WU HOO GIT

Was I born rich or poor?

MAUN GUNG

You were born rich, for your mind is rich and that is all.

WU HOO GIT

Whom seek I?

MAUN GUNG

You have a youthful voice, therefore warm blood is in your veins. You seek your love-mate.

WU HOO GIT

And will she come to me?

MAUN GUNG

If you pray to your venerated ancestors to guide her right.

WU HOO GIT

Fearfully:

And if I have no ancestors?

MAUN GUNG

Raising stick.

Even my bamboo has its celestial shadow and, if you have no ancestors, you are an unwanted soul cast back on the shores of earth to starve of joy.

WU HOO GIT

Speak not so! I will not hear it.

MAUN GUNG

You like not the truth.

WU HOO GIT

Angrily:

I will send you to your ancestors to plead for me.

MAUN GUNG

I can not plead to them. I will live forever there, but will not know my neighbors. Learn for yourself, as I have.

Exits, tapping cane, door right.

Wu Hoo Git

Stay, tell me more! He goes from me as all have done in the world. Everything I touch turns to blackness in my hand.

Property man stands on chair up left with bamboo pole and silk cord with noose.

I behold a weeping willow. I shall die on its branch, then my love will be sorry. I will find my ancestors.

Stands on stool center. Props lower pole. He puts noose around his neck. Then jumps off stool.

Chorus

He hangs himself, but fear not, the spirit of his mother watches over him, and will send a wayfarer who will cut him down.

Enter Git Hok Gar left, crosses down left. Sees Wu Hoo Git and backs away to left. Large gong. He then turns to property man, who holds out sword to him. He takes it and cuts at cord.

Wu Hoo Git

Who are you that would take from me the joy of compelling the world to miss me?

GIT HOK GAR

The world laughs when there is one less mouth to feed. If you would make the world respect you, stay and fight it.

WU HOO GIT

Takes off noose. Rubs throat.

I prefer my celestial breath.

GIT HOK GAR

Dying hurts unnecessarily.

Property man grabs sword from him and puts it in box, then places pole against wall left. Git Hok Gar turns and looks at him. Assistant crosses to right and removes tablets from chairs and places them in box left. Turning to Wu Hoo Git.

You are too young to seek death. What leads you to this making off?

WU HOO GIT

The loss of a love that encircles my life like a star light-ringed.

GIT HOK GAR

To enjoy love you must enjoy life.

WU HOO GIT

I am a worldless man. Even at the threshold of my days—I am shameful. I have no shadows, no ancestors to bring a blessing to my love.

GIT HOK GAR

Have you no home?

WU HOO GIT

My father and mother are foster.

GIT HOK GAR

Then you owe them more than those who, in giving you life, had a duty toward you. Home! You are rich in mind, which is all.

Crosses up right.

WU HOO GIT

But the circle about my heart! My love ring!

GIT HOK GAR

Make yourself great in right living and your ancestors will find you. Cheerful, my boy, I will lead you to your home and my gray head will find you life and love, which I missed for want of guiding. Come! To your home!

They exeunt right.

Property man's assistant removes one chair to wall right. The other he places against Chorus' table and another assistant takes stool from center and places it against the chair and below it. Property man then places sword on it, dusting it first.

CHORUS

'Tis again the house of Lee Sin, the farmer.

Music.

SUEY SIN FAH

Enters left, followed by Lee Sin. They come down left, open imaginary door, step over the sill. Lee Sin closes the door.

Will he never come, Lee Sin?

LEE SIN

When he has learned the world.

SUEY SIN FAH

He has forgotten us.

LEE SIN

My majestic ox does not forget the stall where he is fed.

Crosses to right. Music.

WU HOO GIT

Enters with Git Hok Gar.

My home, the door.

GIT HOK GAR

Left of him.

Enter bravely and make amends.

WU HOO GIT

I am ashamed. You go first.

GIT HOK GAR

Raps on imaginary door. Opens door. Enters.

I am Git Hok Gar, philosopher. Have you a son?

SUEY SIN FAH

Not dead!

GIT HOK GAR

He is at your threshold seeking forgiveness.

WU HOO GIT

Enters imaginary door.

May I enter?

SUEY SIN FAH

Wu Hoo Git, my boy, my Wu Hoo Git!

Embraces him, weeping. Git Hok Gar moves up right.

WU HOO GIT

I choke!

Crosses to center.

How are the august rice fields, the loom and the ox?

SUEY SIN FAH

You have not forgotten them?

WU HOO GIT

I am learning to remember, for memory comes with love, and I have met one who lit the enchanting candle in my heart. Her lips are flower buds that open with delight at the warmth of my superb kisses, but even as my day broke with a roseate dawn, a despair cloud crossed the sky, and death hovered in my path. I have no ancestors.

SUEY SIN FAH

My poor boy!

WU HOO GIT

Pity me not. Manliness sneers at pity. Open

the door of knowledge to me. Who are my ancestors?

LEE SIN

They are—

SUEY SIN FAH

No! No!

LEE SIN

I will tell!

SUEY SIN FAH

It will cost us his life and yours.

LEE SIN

I care not.

Crosses to Wu Hoo Git. Tai Char Shoong enters dragging Plum Blossom by the hand.

I murdered for love of you. What must our boy suffer for love! Your father was—

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Who has come down left.

Dwells Wu Hoo Git here?

WU HOO GIT

I am the august Wu Hoo Git. Who are you that break upon us like an angry sea?

TAI CHAR SHOONG

Father of the glorious Plum Blossom, whom you betrayed.

WU HOO GIT

I found your celestial daughter at the tablets of her mother. She was pure and beautiful and I loved her.

MOY FAH LOY

And I loved him.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

To Wu Hoo Git.

Your days are numbered.

WU HOO GIT

Not by the count of man.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

But by a father's count.

WU HOO GIT

I will marry her, and make her mine.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

You, without ancestors!

SUEY SIN FAH

Season your anger while I speak! To your knees, Wu Hoo Git, and receive your sacred heritage.

He kneels, back to audience.

Raise your eyes heavenward.

She takes out baby jacket with Chinese letters on it.

Your mother now speaks.

WU HOO GIT

My mother!

SUEY SIN FAH

Showing him the baby jacket.

Each blood-stain from this baby jacket is the history of your being and breathes a mother's blessing.

WU HOO GIT

My soul!—my mother!

SUEY SIN FAH

These lines are too sacred for me to voice. Your lips alone must form the words.

WU HOO GIT

My eyes are choked with tears. Breathe my mother's name.

SUEY SIN FAH

Chee Moo, the beautiful!

WU HOO GIT

Chee Moo! I feel her a little above my head.

LEE SIN

And your father—

WU HOO GIT

My father! The highway of too much joy opens to my famished soul.

LEE SIN

Wu Sin Yin, the Great.

WU HOO GIT

The Great!

TAI CHAR SHOONG

If this were true, Wu Hoo Git would rule this province where the Daffodil, son of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, now sits in splendor.

WU HOO GIT

My mother crowns me with a truth cloud. I will prove her air message for her I love.

TAI CHAR SHOONG

I believe you not! Make your boasting words realities and Plum Blossom is yours.

WU HOO GIT

And so I will. But what have I to guard the way of life?

LEE SIN

Who has taken sword from chair up center now comes down.

This sword of courage.

Gives sword to Wu Hoo Git and steps back a little.

SUEY SIN FAH

Gives baby jacket.

And this guiding star of a mother's love to armor him.

WU HOO GIT

A mother's love!

MOY FAH LOY

Crossing to center.

Make a prayer each day big enough to match it and I will do so, too.

Suey Sin Fah and Lee Sin retire up stage right.

WU HOO GIT

I will write your name on my hand-palms that everything I touch and feel will be Plum Blossom. I may never clasp my home and heart again. Let me mingle my breath with yours.

GIT HOK GAR

Crossing to left.

You are already breathing the harshness of the world. You must fulfil the life for which your mother died.

Two assistant property men with chariot banners enter door left and stand each side of it.

A stern way is licking your feet. Come! Your glorious chariot awaits you.

WU HOO GIT

Rising. Crosses to Git Hok Gar left.

Carry I naught away with me but honorable memories and leave all behind me at this doorway of farewells?

MOY FAH LOY

Crosses to center.

Yes, one part of me you take. My way shall be crippled till your return, then restore it to me.

WU HOO GIT

Speak the joy you have in store for me.

MOY FAH LOY

Takes off slipper.

My slipper! Let it bide next your heart on your weary way. In the hour of frightful necessity shake it and I will come to you.

Gives it to him.

WU HOO GIT

What do you meantime without your august slipper?

MOY FAH LOY

Stand on one leg like a bird.

WU HOO GIT

On one leg like an august bird!

Kisses Plum Blossom.

SUEY SIN FAH

Wu Hoo Git!

Music.

GIT HOK GAR

Come! Mount!

Git Hok Gar goes up and stands between by the chariot banners. Plum Blossom hops on one foot and stands on chair up center, waving farewell.

WU HOO GIT

I go to seek my heritage.

They start across the stage, accompanied by the chariot banners. Plum Blossom hops on one foot and stands on chair up center, waving farewell.

LEE SIN

Courage, my boy! Courage!

They go to right, then up stage and turn near door.

WU HOO GIT

Farewell!

Holding slipper up in the air.

TABLEAU CURTAIN

CHORUS

Appearing through opening in tableau curtain and bowing.

I bow in personal appreciation of your approval, if truly manifest, of my Wu Hoo Git, upon whom my fancy will now bestow the Yellow Jacket and the Peacock Feather. I speak in the first person, for I am accustomed to adulation, and it does not in the least discompose me. My brothers of the Pear Tree Garden are far otherwise; a little flattery upsets their modest equipoise. While there may be those who desire to secure the credit or discredit, I will say,—your generosity forces me to admit it,—I wrote this play—a mere trifle. I composed the music, too. I taught them the story of my grandiloquent imagination. I showed them where to walk, how to talk. In my august fancy I painted the scenes. My menial, the property man, at my august celestial suggestion, will now give them thunder-clouds and snow-storms to assist their meager interpretation. The play is

mine, the acting virtually mine. Such remuneration as you have bestowed upon us by your gracious patronage, I accept. Such sums as I may deem necessary I shall pass on to my brothers. At the end of the play you may call them before you if you like. It will please me, and praise them sparingly, but of course, I shall know that you know that the celestial thought was wholly and modestly mine. I bow.

Exits.

CURTAIN

ACT III

After house curtain is raised property man comes before tableau curtains, walks back and forth across stage, beating large gong. As he exits behind the curtains, orchestra on stage begins to play. At crash of cymbals Chorus comes before tableau curtains.

CHORUS

I still observe my honorable way and come to you, making my words brief and less august at each superb presentation of myself, for the more my brothers have to say the less need I. The second father-in-law, Tai Fah Min, though dead, still lives in spirit to retard Wu Hoo Git's august progress. But, forget not that our hero is older and augustly wiser. Having wearied of rice wine and song girls, he now approaches the portals of celestial philosophy. All men approach the godlike realms of thoughtful sufficiency after the bodily attainments wane. I bow.

Turns back to audience and at gesture with his fan tableau curtains are drawn. Walks to his table, center, as music is

played, before speaking. Four stools have been placed across stage center, spaces between them. Property man discovered sitting on stool right center. When Chorus gets to table he rises and indicates the scene.

CHORUS

The Daffodil takes his steps among his mulberry bushes, watching the silkworms spin while he threads his brain with evil.

Music continues. Daffodil enters, comes to stool left center, does business of smelling imaginary bushes, then goes to center. Property man brings flowers for him to smell,—which he waves aside scornfully. Property man returns flowers to box left and then crosses to right at back and stands at upper end of drapery, which is hung to form a screen about a chair placed upon a table against wall right and represents the Daffodil's palace. Piano during speech.

WU FAH DIN

I apologize for the apparent inadequacy of my brain against Wu Hoo Git's brawn. I am as disappointed as you are that I have not been able to kill this young Wu Hoo Git. Bear with me, however, for I will eventually do so. Wu Hoo Git

not only lives, but starts on a journey to take my place in life and despatch me. Such a result would be deplorable, as you know. I had with my kindness of nature planned for him a gently lingering death. I must now unkindly kill him outright, for your entertainment. I must be most careful in so doing, for, if I kill him, despising brute force as I do, my subjects, who should be his subjects, would immortalize him and the truth would come out. I have discovered some truths also about myself which I prefer not to have known. I shall retire to my palace

Indicates it and moves up right. Property man dusts drapery.

and on my cushioned throne, watch from its battlements.

Ascends throne. Screened by drapery.

I invoke all the subtle forces of my brain against Wu Hoo Git's brawn. I will impede his journey toward my person and my throne. I will throw death evils in his pathway. I will place before him a lofty mountain peak—that he may exhaust himself in climbing over it. I direct the battle with my fan.

Disappears behind drapery. Property man's assistants move two tables from left. Place them center, touching each other, and put two stools which are now underneath the tables on top of them. Property man crosses right, below tables, and stands at upper end of them.

CHORUS

'Tis a lofty mountain peak.

Property man rests elbow on upper stool and puts head in his hands. Enter Wu Hoo Git and Git Hok Gar. Music.

WU HOO GIT

Crosses to center, below table.

Show me the battle-ground. Must I contend here, or shall I wander farther?

GIT HOK GAR

Left.

No man can foresee his battle-ground. Every shadow or darkening cloud may bring him peril. The way grows long. Think, my boy.

WU HOO GIT

Crossing to Git Hok Gar.

I can think when I am dead. Love quickens

my desire for triumphant vengeance, that I may conquer all, secure my throne, and place Plum Blossom on a seat of love beside me.

GIT HOK GAR

Turning, looks at imaginary mountain, center.

What! Must we drag ourselves over another mountain, with its ragged roof?

WU HOO GIT

I shall o'ertop them all, for nothing shall stay my progress.

Climbs to top of stools on table, center, assisting himself by holding imaginary branches. Then helps Git Hok Gar to mount table.

From the o'ertopping view I see the tiled roof where bides Plum Blossom. I see my home, too, and peacefulness behind me.

GIT HOK GAR

And before you monsters, terrors and murder to overcome.

WU HOO GIT

I care not, for all my tasks now are born of love. Come on!

Starts to descend from table. As he places foot on stool right of table, cymbals crash.

I feel a hand of ice encircling my sublime leg.

GIT HOK GAR

It is an evil stream spirit that would drag you in. Cleave it with your fiery sword.

WU HOO GIT

I would desperately cleave,

Starts to draw sword.

but it is gone.

Turning to Git Hok Gar, smiling.

It overheard my solemn thought. You can crush enemies and friends with the weight of the tongue.

Descends to stage, assists Git Hok Gar to descend and they exeunt right. Music. Property man's assistant takes one table and stool and moves it left. Another removes the far table and stool to left.

WU FAH DIN

Appears above drapery.

He is such an impetuous youth, is he not? See how madly he is rushing into the dangers I am preparing for him. His climbing of that mountain was a mere exhibition of brawn. I will confront him with the raging torrent.

Retires behind drapery. Property man crosses to right, picks up end of plank which lies below the two stools. Assistant picks up left end of plank. As they place it on stools property man pretends to have hurt his finger. Another assistant looks at it sympathetically. Property man indicates scene and they retire to left.

CHORUS

'Tis a wayward river and bridge.

WU FAH DIN

Rises behind drapery.

Bridge! Bridge! I had hopes of this river, but my gentle mind overlooked the bridge. However, it may be a weak bridge.

Retires behind drapery. Wu Hoo Git and Git Hok Gar enter door left. Music for entrance. They come to left center.

GIT HOK GAR

Water confronts us.

WU HOO GIT

But see, a span of thoughtful kindness awaits us.

GIT HOK GAR

The chasm is so deep and chill and the way across so narrow. Let us go about and find a safer crossing.

He crosses down to extreme left.

WU HOO GIT

Come on! It has been left us by brave souls who have passed before.

GIT HOK GAR

So in all journeys in life, bridges have been built by those who left their deeds behind them.

WU HOO GIT

Armored with courage, I draw my sword of progress! The end will never be seen if my first footfall weakens.

Steps on bridge from left. Falls to his knee.

I stumble to my knee.

GIT HOK GAR

The gods would make you humble at starting.

WU HOO GIT

A silent prayer to the baby-mother message.

He prayerfully kisses garment.

Behold! The spirits are satisfied. They rock us not.

Git Hok Gar mounts bridge from left.

In the water, mirrored below, I see a face like my own. It has lines of evil in it.

GIT HOK GAR

The serpent lines of your father's face crawl in yours by reflection.

WU HOO GIT

Is my face a snake's nest? What must I do to cleanse it?

GIT HOK GAR

Bathe it in the sunshine of virtue.

WU HOO GIT

Behold! over my father's shoulder grins the fox's face again that molests my sight.

GIT HOK GAR

It is Tai Fah Min, who gloats at your struggle to be free from the curse of a father's crime.

WU HOO GIT

What shall I do?

GIT HOK GAR

Purify your soul and he will flee with the snake face.

WU HOO GIT

In the mirror of the sublime water I now behold precipices, depths, valleys, snow-encircled peaks! Birds swim in the pearly air below the clouds like fishes in the clear stream beneath. The fox face again molests my sight! I will consult my garment of direction.

Observing garment again.

The lines trickle toward the eastern path at the bridge's end, with mother blood-drops larger to indicate the way. Come on! For Plum Blossom I conquer on earth and in Heaven.

Gets off bridge to right.

GIT HOK GAR

Following him.

My brave boy. We step upon a tiny peak of yellow rock.

Music. They exeunt right. Property man and assistant remove stools and plank, leaving stage clear.

WU FAH DIN

Appears.

It is useless for me to tell you of the fear in his heart as he crossed that bridge. He was continually calling out for a woman. I will throw an inky darkness in his path, that it may affright him.

Retires behind drapery.

CHORUS

'Tis a thunder-cloud.

Music. Loy Gong enters door right, stamps around in a circle just inside door, finishing, right center.

WU HOO GIT

Enters door left with Git Hok Gar. Comes to left center.

Who are you that impedes my way with clamorous noise?

LOY GONG

I am Loy Gong, the God of Thunder, requested

by a world power to o'ershadow you. I keep mortal aspirations down for the other gods through bellowing fear.

Hits standard with hammer. Cymbals.

Wu Hoo Git

But I fear you not. My wisdom buds with courage, impregnable to gods and man, and teaches me that every word-might or heavenly power has one still higher before whom it quails —called love.

Loy Gong

And what is love?

Wu Hoo Git

For me, Plum Blossom.

Loy Gong

And what flower fear I when the floor of Heaven bends beneath my tread?

Wu Hoo Git

The sky-flower—the august rainbow of good thoughts and deeds!

Loy Gong drops hammer.

Before its seven light-rays you crouch in silence.

LOY GONG

Fearfully:

I would fill your purse, to keep my secret, for if my weakness were known to man, I should lose my solemn fearfulness.

WU HOO GIT

With contempt:

My wisdom can not be purchased.

LOY GONG

I will welcome you on my icy peaks and whisper music to you.

WU HOO GIT

When I arrive on your august peaks, I care not what tones you take, for I shall have within my veins the warmth of Plum Blossom's love.

LOY GONG

Goes toward door right.

I withdraw my august self in fearfulness of wisdom.

Exits door right. Music.

GIT HOK GAR

Crosses to Wu Hoo Git, center.

You have met the most fearful of the gods and vanquished him.

Wu Hoo Git

Give me the earth to conquer, that the earth may no longer deny me my heritage and my Plum Blossom's love.

End of speech in doorway. Exeunt right.

Wu Fah Din

Appears.

This makes me decidedly uncomfortable. What tripping potency has he to overcome a god? Can it be that he is coupling brain with brawn? My seat of dignity rocks in fearfulness. Let Kom Loi ensnare and slay him.

Property man brings a large web made of gold string which is tied on a frame-work of wood with thread and sets it up, right, leaning sleepily against it. Enter Kom Loi, as Spider, and takes position back of web, right.

Chorus

'Tis a golden spider-web.

Wu Hoo Git

Entering left with Git Hok Gar, crosses to right, stops in front of web.

What is this tangled mesh that stretches from earth to Heaven and pretends to bar my way with petty entanglements? My celestial curiosity leads me to inquire.

KOM LOI

I beckon your sublime presence.

WU HOO GIT

It invites me with a gentle voice. I am led to desire a closer view.

KOM LOI

Let me encircle you with the beauties and love-knots of friendship.

WU HOO GIT

Its voice is as gentle as Plum Blossom's. It must be my friend.

Peeps.

I see but indistinctly through the fluttering weave of rainbow lights the faces of Wu Sin Yin and Tai Fah Min directing malice. I will observe more closely.

Wets finger and makes slit in web.

KOM LOI

Enraged voice.

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THE SPIDER.

Beware! I asked you to enter my abode as a friend. You stick your finger in the eye of my hospitality. Beware!

WU HOO GIT

Looking up.

An august Spider and his enchanting web!

Frightened.

GIT HOK GAR

The thing is dangerous and I am a man of peace. I will depart my footsteps to the other side of the mountain.

Picks up chair, crosses left, sits facing left.

WU HOO GIT

To Spider.

I repent my fault.

KOM LOI

Repentance may help your soul, but will not reweave the strands in which I catch human flies that would know my lair. You shall die.

Spider bursts forth and throws silken strands.

WU HOO GIT

Frightened:

It is an evil thing that has entangled me for vice of curiosity.

KOM LOI

Beware!

WU HOO GIT

I am in the Spider's eyes—a web of light dances 'twixt his demon seeing-sockets and mine. It is an august new power that holds me fast. I must use my sublime brain, for the spider has not my sublime brain. I possess a celestial thought. I will cut with my sword the eye-chain that binds me to the monster. I cut with my impressive sword.

Starts back.

I am free to meet him now—man to Spider!

Spider throws out silk ribbon rolls from web.

He spits witch daggers at me, to destroy my love and life. I augustly sever them. I observe I am celestially his unequal match.

Spider throws more silk strands at him, furnished by property man. He cuts them at first. Finally he becomes tied up in many strands and falls.

I am woven in the web of evil. My sword hacks

but cuts not. The web dulls its fiery edge. I am being tied to the earth-rocks! I have a thought. I will call Plum Blossom. I will shake the slipper.

Shakes slipper.

Moy Fah Loy, Moy Fah Loy, save me!

MOY FAH LOY

Enters door to Heaven, center, above as a disembodied spirit. Kom Loi attempts to throw more ribbons, but is stopped by Plum Blossom's voice.

The slipper shook. The earth stood still. The winds blew me here. I command the demon Spider to depart.

KOM LOI

Makes another attempt to throw ribbons —stops with arm in mid-air.

My web spins not. My joints crinkle in the light of purity. I seek the dark.

Exits door right, stepping through web. Music. Property man removes frame, gathers up silk strands, takes them off, door right.

WU HOO GIT

Proudly. Down left.

The strands about me melt in celestial light. The Spider withers before my exalted gaze. I feel in my expanding soul the power to o'ercome all monsters wild. I would that Plum Blossom might see my unaided triumph. She would adore my fiery bravery.

MOY FAH LOY

Moy Fah Loy sees all and knows all.

Music.

WU HOO GIT

Crosses to center, listening.

Plum Blossom's rippling voice, yet I behold her not.

MOY FAH LOY

I am the disembodied soul of her you loved so constantly, permitted for a moment only with heavenly vision to behold you.

WU HOO GIT

Sees her.

Wherefore do you approach me on the steps of Heaven? Why does a dazzling halo of light gloriously encircle you like dew-drops on a star? What evil one has snatched you from the flower paths of earth, where you were sublimely mine,

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PLUM BLOSSOM.

to place you beyond my human ecstasy? I shall know; and, if it be one of earth, my sword shall avenge our parting; if it be one who has passed beyond, my pursuing spirit shall follow him and knife him with the blasts of anguish.

Crosses up to right center.

MOY FAH LOY

You shook the slipper and I came in your hour of need.

WU HOO GIT

I shook it that you might behold my hour of august victory. Alone, I vanquished the beast of the fields.

Property man and assistant bring table on which are two stools to center. Wu Hoo Git takes one stool, places it right, at table, the other stool remaining on table.

I will build a mountain that shall kiss high Heaven, and on the top of it I will cone ten thousand thousand peaks till, topping the highest with my dainty foot, you palpitate within my august arms.

MOY FAH LOY

We palpitate not in Heaven.

Wu Hoo Git

Despite the terror of your thought, I ascend.

Climbs on table impulsively.

Moy Fah Loy

Ascend not, for all men who strive to build a Heaven ladder and know the secrets of the gods have met with defeat and punishment.

Wu Hoo Git

But my ladder is love-woven and each rung is a love strand upon which the humblest may tip-toe to Heaven.

Moy Fah Loy

But it must be born of love you know not of. My prayers alone must guide you, not myself.

Wu Hoo Git

Climbs to top of chair on table, back to audience. Music.

I would place the kiss of august victory upon your painted lips.

Moy Fah Loy

I have no lips.

WU HOO GIT

I would take you in my glorious arms that your heart might impress your hero's heart.

MOY FAH LOY

I have no heart.

WU HOO GIT

But stand you not on venerable legs?

MOY FAH LOY

I stand on thinnest air. I have no legs.

WU HOO GIT

No legs in Heaven! Then you are false to me and unworthy of my glorious victory.

MOY FAH LOY

I know not arms, nor legs, nor kisses. I left my body at home for my celestial father, Tai Char Shoong, to guard till your return.

WU HOO GIT

Turns on stool facing audience.

It was an august oversight. You should have

brought your impressive body with you. I descend from Heaven.

Climbs down right of table.

MOY FAH LOY

I go and leave you to your august way.

WU HOO GIT

Stay but a little. Give me some exchange of sweetness, my rose of Heaven.

Property man takes stool off table and places it left. Music stops.

MOY FAH LOY

The small space of time I have to encourage you is spent. I can tarry but a breath time, then breathe myself away.

WU HOO GIT

Then float guiding on, in your cloud-like boat to inspire my aching heart, and I will follow, till the world is mine and nothing left to conquer.

MOY FAH LOY

I can but leave the promise of fragrance to come, for the petals of my love are not yet full blown to answer you. The zephyr-wagon blows

homeward and I must ride with it or lose my way. Farewell!

Wu Hoo Git

Stay! Stay! Love is never lost for heroism is born of it.

Moy Fah Loy

Love is in the heart when far away.

Wu Hoo Git

Love is in the heart, always. When next you come forget not to bring your exalted lips.

Moy Fah Loy

I shall augustly remember, for I observe man knows not woman without her lips. I depart for my body.

She exits upper door center. Music. Wu Hoo Git mounts stool right of table, holds out his arms toward Moy Fah Loy, then turns to Git Hok Gar who has crossed to upper left-hand corner of table.

Git Hok Gar

I observe your eyes roll with unfalling tears, your lips are heavy with undelivered kisses of farewell.

WU HOO GIT

There is no place to remove them.

Comes down center.

Give me back my Moy Fah Loy, even in spirit.

GIT HOK GAR

Left center.

Experience and years only can know spirit love.

WU HOO GIT

We must climb still higher into the golden way. I would fear to meet more elements, if it were not that I had embraced disembodied Plum Blossom and know that nothing can harm me now.

Exeunt door right.

Assistant property man removes table and stool to left.

WU FAH DIN

Appears above drapery. Watches them off.

I surmised not he had a slipper. It is a most dangerous potency to overcome. It upsets my plans frightfully. I must contrive a way to get it. What barks?

Terror.

I summoned nothing of this nature. Can it be Wu Hoo Git has sent this monster after me while I was cogitating his destruction?

To attendant below:

Ask who it is? Speak to it boldly or I will toss you at it bodily.

ATTENDANT

Hesitates.

Who are you?

TAI FAH MIN

With fox head on.

You may not know me in this guise, but I am a fox spirit, and being a fox, I have changed my form, so fear not. My brain is the brain of Tai Fah Min, the second father-in-law of Wu Sin Yin, and so your grandfather. I come to help you to wreak mischief on Wu Hoo Git. I might have accomplished all of my iniquity but death came along and took me. The gods were kind, however, and on my path to the spirit world I stumbled on a fox body, unused some days by the departed fox, and sublimely climbed into it. So I was released from an abode in the depths to prowl and help you in your mischief on Wu Hoo

Git. I shall hinder him of success; if my tail be not cut off in the bloody encounter which must ensue I shall do him murder. He shall perish and then you rule unmolested.

He struts up stage.

I will take on a frightful shape. I can swim, I can run. He shall not escape me. I have a reason; I have a tail.

Exits right.

Wu Fah Din

Exultantly:

I have cause to be proud of my ancestors. I banish trembling fear and all kindness from my heart. The traditions of my family attend upon my wisdom. My grandfather is here to aid me. With such mighty strength, my bloody contention is no longer wit against wit, brawn against brawn; for I meet him with all the venom of my heritage. I have him now.

Wu Hoo Git

Enters with Git Hok Gar left.

But tell me. When you trod this path in youth did such things impede your way?

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THE DAFFODIL.

GIT HOK GAR

No, I had none to envy me, but you are born to opposition because of the rights you seek.

Down left. Messenger enters to Daffodil with red papers up right.

WU FAH DIN

Now for the slipper and his death! My message is from my grandfather, who you know is Tai Fah Min. You will see what a terrible shape he will assume. Prepare your flowery handkerchiefs for the flood of tears which you will shed at the death of Wu Hoo Git.

Horrible monster tiger enters down right, assisted by property man, who lights fuse in nostrils and dusts head, which conceals Tai Fah Min. Its body is supported by an assistant inside.

WU HOO GIT

What monster approaches me—with lightning orbs, thunder voice, and meandering gait of horror? Bring him nearer that I may pierce his armor with my flashing eyes!

GIT HOK GAR

Fearfully. Crosses center to tiger.

It is the tiger-father of all tigers! Its claws dig graves.

Roar from tiger.

WU HOO GIT

What language speaks it? I understand it not.

GIT HOK GAR

It is the language of death.

Urges Wu Hoo Git back.

I am old and must perish soon. You are young, so run!

WU HOO GIT

Not I.

Crosses to center.

I shall augustly sever it to crown my love with victory.

Tiger roars.

GIT HOK GAR

It thunders answer. Flee!

WU HOO GIT

Not I.

Moves down front and around tiger, which crosses to center. Dismembers body with sword. Assistant runs.

The head runs without legs. I like it not.

TAI FAH MIN

Within tiger's head.

I have you now. Crumble before my bark; shriek at my snap; die at my bite. I am Tai Fah Min.

WU HOO GIT

Who conspired with my father, Wu Sin Yin, to depart my beloved mother, Chee Moo.

TAI FAH MIN

I assault you with my teeth. I would gloriously chew you and honorably digest you, for, while you live, you menace the glorious future of my daughter's child.

They fight. Cymbals, drums, etc.

WU HOO GIT

I chop your throat. I cut it with fiery blade from ear to ear.

TAI FAH MIN

I mind it not.

GIT HOK GAR

It is invulnerable. It is a fox.

WU HOO GIT

I augustly neglected the thought. I will sever its tail.

Cuts off tail and stamps on it.

TAI FAH MIN

Falls.

I am undone without my brush. 'Tis murder most unkind.

WU HOO GIT

Proudly:

Kind or unkind, I contemptuously tread upon it with my sublime foot.

Music. Property man places ladder center.

GIT HOK GAR

Crosses to above fox, lying on floor center in tiger skin.

Know, unhappy fox spirit, this glorious boy, seeking vengeance for a mother, places you in a clean soul dress at Heaven's threshold in return for your unwonted crimes. You should die in thankfulness.

Moves left again.

WU HOO GIT

What! I would repent my graciousness.

GIT HOK GAR

You can not; you must be noble now. The lantern of his life is flickering.

TAI FAH MIN

Comes out of head and dress.

I humbly repent everything for a sight of Heaven. I prayerfully and peacefully die.

Property man places pillow under his head.

WU HOO GIT

Be augustly leisurely about it then. I do not wish to be impatient.

WU FAH DIN

He trades me and my important office for Heaven.

Tai Fah Min dies, crawls out of tiger skin, and afterward he gets up and walks to ladder center. Property man stops him and looks at Wu Hoo Git.

WU HOO GIT

Going up to ladder.

Stay! You can not yet aspire to the celestial bliss where dwells my mother whose blood is on your hands. Depart below.

TAI FAH MIN

Crosses to door right. Snarls.

May Plum Blossom never sweeten your presence again.

Exits door right.

WU HOO GIT

Moves to door with sword, then turns front.

Like all dying men he would trade with Heaven.

GIT HOK GAR

Philosophy is ever victorious in warfare.

WU HOO GIT

Not philosophy, love. The body of the tiger which I severed now bars my august path.

GIT HOK GAR

I would triumphantly mount over it.

Property man removes tiger and pillow, folding up pillow.

WU HOO GIT

Observing.

It mounts for itself. It departs before me.

Grandly.

I notice such things not.

Exeunt right.

WU FAH DIN

If I triumph I will come out and view him. If I fail I wish not to view my failure. I will part him from his friend. I will freeze him into nothingness.

Disappears.

CHORUS

Rises.

'Tis a snow-storm.

Music. Property man's assistants enter doors right and left with white flags rolled with cut paper, which they shake out. They come down stage, cross and exeunt opposite doors from which they enter. Property man walks to center with tray of cut paper which he throws into the air, over his shoulders, then crosses to left again.

WU HOO GIT

Entering left with Git Hok Gar, crosses to right center.

What is this blast which confronts us? What is this that freezes up the warmth of your kindness?

GIT HOK GAR

It is my welcome shroud for which I long have waited. You have grown so fat in wisdom you need me not. Bow me a farewell. I am approaching my robe of wood. Take my august covering to warm your worth. I need it not on my journey.

Having taken off coat offers it to Wu Hoo Git.

WU HOO GIT

Nay, you must.

Pushing away coat.

GIT HOK GAR

I need it not. Put goodness in yourself, to shut out cold. The mountain's peak of life is now in view for you. From its bleak nose you can see the riches of the world and your path beyond. If the wisdom you have purchased on your journey abides with you, it will be as gloriously fanciful as a summer's sea.

WU HOO GIT

Putting coat around shoulders of Git Hok Gar.

Is it decreed that I must mount alone?

GIT HOK GAR

Every man must look into the Garden of his soul alone. My journey is done. My life is spent. Yours is only begun. I die.

Falls to stage. Property man puts pillow under his head, kneeling above him; spreads white cloth over him, then pulls out his beard, spreading it on white sheet. Music.

WU HOO GIT

Die not so easily! Snow crowns your gray hair with the peace of death. I am blinded, too, in white crystals that sparkle upon me.

Covers his face with his hands. Git Hok Gar throws off white sheet. Rises, goes up center, turns—looks at Wu Hoo Git, smiling and with gesture of blessing. Climbs ladder to Heaven. Center opening above. Leaves his coat in snow where he died.

CHORUS

He ascends to Heaven!

WU HOO GIT

Places hands over coat of Git Hok Gar.

I put the warmth of my youthful hands upon you to give you life. You are dead and gone from me.

GIT HOK GAR

Above.

I live above the coldness of the world.

Exits off right. Music stops.

WU HOO GIT

Holding white sheet over Git Hok Gar's cloak on floor.

I build an icy tablet to his memory. I sink, I freeze.

Falls to stage.

I would shake the slipper, but it is a block of august ice. Moy Fah Loy! Plum Blossom! You, too, desert me in my hour of death.

Property man crosses with tray of snow in one hand. Places pillow under his head. Puts tray of snow on ladder center.

I augustly pronounce myself passed to my ancestors.

Property man covers him with white sheet. Dumps tray of cut paper on sheet and crosses to left and sits.

CHEE MOO

Enters above as spirit from right.

I am Chee Moo, your honorable mother, who wrote your story in my blood. May the sweetness of my Heaven-prayer bring warmth into your world-body.

NUNG FU

Enters door left with hoe.

Here is a man snow-bound and chill. I dig him out with my farm hoe.

WU HOO GIT

Moy Fah Loy? My words are frozen. She hears me not.

NUNG FU

He must be august to have climbed so high. An icicle kiss melts upon his lips. He is thinking of some one. Then there still is life.

WU HOO GIT

Lead me to the mountain top one august step above that I may see the world of love and my inner self.

CHEE MOO

Above, not seen.

It is yours, my child, my Wu Hoo Git!

WU HOO GIT

What voice was that?

NUNG FU

I heard naught.

WU HOO GIT

I dream in iciness. Lead on, for it is not in grandeur that we learn to know, but guided by the simplicity of nature's guardian of the soil we see with child eyes again all the loveliness of the world from the mountain peak of progress. How bright and glorious the sun shines! Its imperial golden liquid light dazzles my eyes. The sky becomes one huge brass bowl save for that one little gray cloud out yonder.

Pointing above audience front.

NUNG FU

Screening eyes with hands.

I see no cloud there, but here the sky has a gray cloud—my mother's soul cloud.

WU HOO GIT

Then the one I see is my mother soul cloud. So with every golden shower of happiness there

is a touch of gray—for one must pause in happiness to shed a tear for a mother heavenward passed.

Sitting up.

The jacket burns into my soul and conquers the freezing chill. Courage enwraps me. I shake off the numbing iciness that congealed my veins. Am I deceived again or are my eyes at last open to the circling vision of realities which were only dreams?

Rises. Goes to door right.

I'll toss my naked self against the palace gates.

Exeunt. Chee Moo exits above. Music.

WU FAH DIN

Rises behind drapery.

You have heard his almost indelicate threat. I'll retire to the inner chamber of my palace and gracefully lock myself in. I will swing tighter the gate bars, wall myself about and send a crippling force against him.

Descends from throne. Comes from behind drapery. Stands in doorway right.

I will await him where my walls are strongest and

from their top I will pelt his ambitious head with tiles.

Music. Assistant property man removes ladder, placing it up left. Assistants move the drapery on standards right and place it across stage at back up center showing reverse side. An assistant then gets table and stool from left. Another gets table and chair from right. They place the tables center near drapery, one below the other with the chair on the up-stage table and stool on floor below the down-stage table. Assistant exits right. Another assistant exits left. Property man brings red cushion and places it on chair on table center and also places the Yellow Jacket folded in green handkerchief on right-hand corner of lower table. He goes to right of drapery and motions for Chorus to come out.

CHORUS

Coming out from behind drapery goes to right center. Music.

It is the throne-room of the palace of Wu Sin Yin, the Great, from which our hero has been deprived so long.

Retires behind drapery center. Music forte.

WU FAH DIN

Enters left. Comes down center. Ascends throne. Property man assists him. Cymbals. Property man crosses to left, then places stool up left center and sits on it, back to audience. Music stops.

I am deserted by all, but my self-importance still remains. I feel an august valor born of my inability to get away, for I am not yet undone. Deserted as I am, I can not be vanquished. He may break down my door bolts. He may trample my flower-beds, but when he meets me face to face upon my throne, he will tremble before the encircling power that crowns me with the wealth of ages and my family's vanquishment.

Music for Wu Hoo Git's entrance. As Wu Hoo Git enters, property man rises facing left and holds stool in his hands.

WU HOO GIT

Enters door left with sword. Beats upon the stool held by property man four times with his sword. Cymbal crash for each stroke. Property man drops stool, then Wu Hoo Git enters imaginary gate.

Where is the throne I seek by right? Who sits upon it?

WU FAH DIN

Looking down at him contemptuously:

If courage stands high in you, I, too, have some in my veins, for the blood of the same father enriches us both.

WU HOO GIT

Brandishing sword.

Usurper! Think you to stop my way, when I have met the battling heavens? When I have conquered the peaks and held their snow-crowns until they melted before the warmth of my hand?

Places one foot on stool center.

Descend before I cut you to earth, and toss your carcass from the beetling battlements.

Steps back from throne.

Descend, bow deeply and trade your place for mine.

WU FAH DIN

Seated on throne chair.

If you will trade in gentleness, I will surrender gently. A throne is most uncomfortable.

Rises. Descends throne to center.

WU HOO GIT

The sun-hued garment! I demand it!

WU FAH DIN

Goes to right of table. Pushes Yellow Jacket in handkerchief across table toward Wu Hoo Git.

I extend to you the badge of office. I have always disliked the color, it is so cold.

Wu Fah Din crosses to right center. Wu Hoo Git takes off his own jacket and hands it to property man, who puts it in box left. Wu Hoo Git then takes Yellow Jacket out of handkerchief. Property man assists him to put it on.

WU HOO GIT

Bump your head to me.

Daffodil kneels right center.

WU FAH DIN

My head! I am glad I have a head to bump.

Bumps head twice. Wood block.

May I still retain it?

Wu Hoo Git

My first act in assuming my power shall be one of mercy. Choose your prison.

Wu Fah Din

Looking up.

A garden! A garden filled with smiling flowers.

Wu Hoo Git makes a gesture of assent. Daffodil rises.

Then I retire to its fragrance.

Backs up stage. Exits right.

Wu Hoo Git

Crosses to center, back to audience.

Victorious at last! I ascend the throne of my ancestors.

Music. He mounts throne. Turns front standing.

Wu Hoo Git

I shake the slipper for my Plum Blossom.

Shakes slipper. Cymbals crash. General entrance.

My Plum Blossom!

Music changes. Play piano.

MOY FAH LOY

Crossing to him center on one foot.

I guided them to you.

WU HOO GIT

Have you brought your impressive body with you?

MOY FAH LOY

Yes.

WU HOO GIT

Ascend my throne.

She ascends. Sits on chair.

Your slipper shall be my scepter.

Puts it on her foot, standing right of table center.

MOY FAH LOY

My love!

WU HOO GIT

My Plum Blossom!

All kneel and bow low.

CHEE MOO

In upper opening center.

The world and wisdom are his.

Music.

TABLEAU CURTAIN

Chorus comes out before tableau curtains.

CHORUS

And now, most august and honorable neighbors, you may bestow your kindly recognition upon my brothers as I nominate them each in turn and they will personally augustly thank you.

Tableau curtains are drawn. Company lined up across stage. Chorus now points out each member of the company in turn, beginning with Chee Moo, then Wu Hoo Git, Plum Blossom, etc., indicating character first one side of the stage then the other, property man last.

CHORUS

Chee Moo, the mother!
My hero!

Indicating Wu Hoo Git.

My little heroine!

Indicating Plum Blossom.

The philosopher!

Indicating Git Hok Gar.

The nurse!

Indicating See Noi.

The temptress of the flower boat!

Indicating Chow Wan.

The purveyor of hearts!

Indicating Yin Suey Gong.

The daffodil!

Indicating Wu Fah Din.

The farmer and his wife!

Indicating Lee Sin and Suey Sin Fah.

The widow!

Indicating her.

Tai Char Shoong!

Indicating him.

The second wife!

Indicating Due Jung Fah.

A siren!

Indicating See Quoe Fah.

And yet another siren!

Indicating Yong Soo Kow.

And now quite visible to your eyes, our property man.

Property man who has been seated on box left, smoking, rises, crosses to Chorus center, shakes hands in the Chinese manner, bows to audience, crosses to right.

CURTAIN

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